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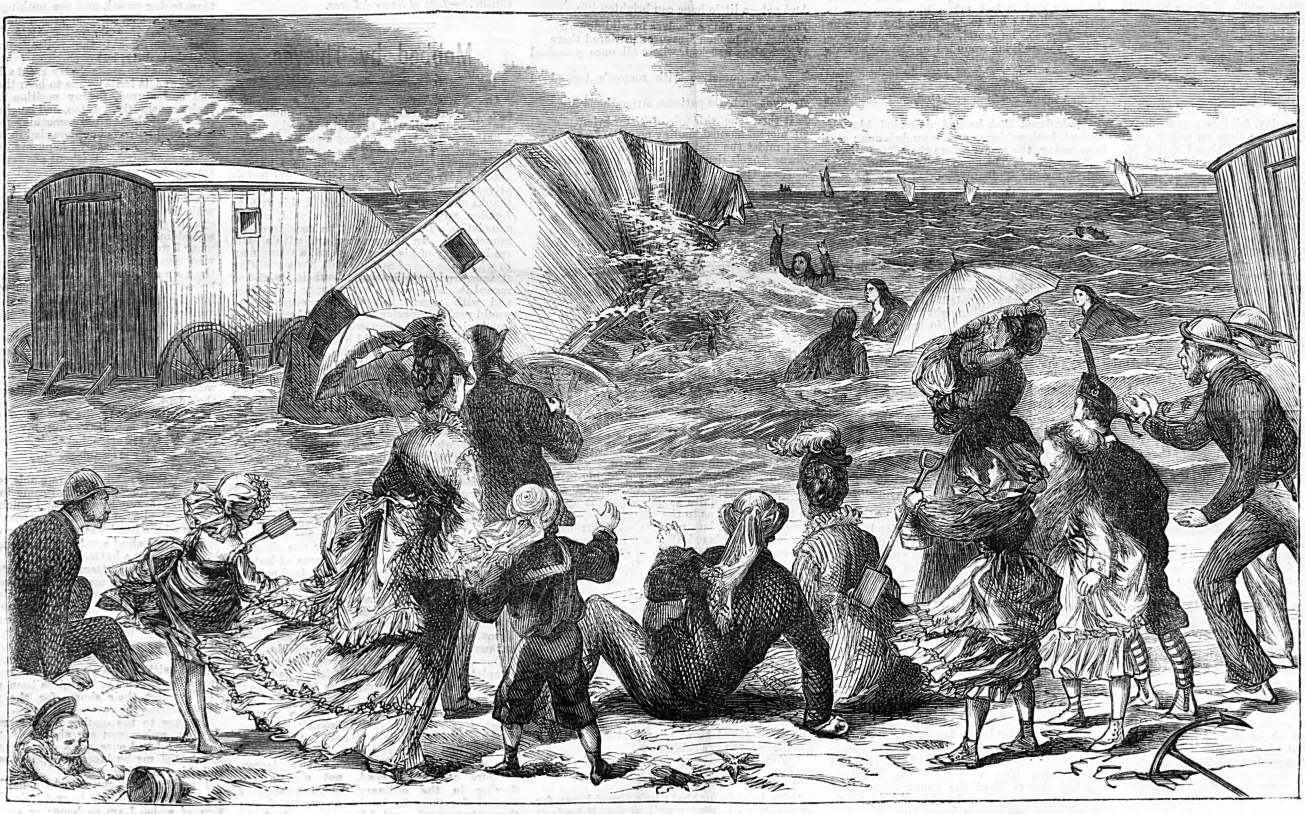

WRECKED BY A TIDAL WAVE.

Society at the Seaside.

"Oh, I wish I were at the seaside!" is a frequent exclamation of ladies when they feel oppressed by heat in the summer months, and long for the cool wafture of the breeze as it comes fresh from the crests of the waves. In the case of thousands of families this wish is at present being gratified, and all the favourite places of resort around our coasts are full to overflowing of visitors. In some seaside towns, which can boast the attractions of fine scenery and promenades, lodgings are not to be had for love or money. To those who, during the greater part of the year, have to content themselves with the luxury of baths, the refreshment of a plunge into the sea is something more delicious than words can express. While the season lasts the sands present a gay, animated, and picturesque spectacle. Children never seem so happy as when they witness the demolition of their sand-built citadels by the incoming waves, which retire when the mischief is done, just as the British troops did from Coomassie. But it is not always sunshine, sparkle, mirthful splashings in the water, and general joyance at the seaside. Sometimes mishaps occur, like the one depicted by our artist on this page, and then there is a great commotion along the beach; laughing and talking groups suddenly dissolve; there is frantic running to and fro, and hysterical cries of distress pierce the air. The misfortune is that when an accident, which may not be very serious after all, happens to a bathing-machine, timid and affectionate *mater-familias* peremptorily debars Maria, Louisa, and all her brood of little daughters from having another dip anywhere but in the bath.

Eventide.

Our last page illustration depicts a pleasant rural scene. The young ploughman, with his team and the female field-worker, with a rake over her shoulder, have met, when going homewards opposite ways, and have stopped to have a quiet confab together. Townspeople sometimes profess not to know what rustics, always engaged in agricultural work, can get to talk about; but the range, we can assure them, is very extensive, including, as it does, in Scottish phrase "a' the clishmaclaver o' the kintra-side." It is amazing the amount of interest rustics take in the affairs of their neighbours, which they generally know better than they do their own. A nice new piece of gossip or scandal will keep two tongues wagging for a good half-hour even when their owners only happen to meet accidentally by the wayside. While Hodge and Betty, in our rural picture of Eventide, are having out their "twa-handed crack," one of the horses is very sensibly utilising the stoppage by helping himself to a good mouthful of hay. It is a hint to Hodge to get home to his supper.

White Nile Slave Hunters.

The following is an abridgment of a letter by Sir Samuel Baker, giving an account of slave-hunting atrocities: It appears hardly credible that at the same time I received orders from the Khedive, together with absolute and supreme power to "annex countries to Egypt and to establish a Government," those countries, which did not belong to Egypt, had already been leased by the Governor-General of the Soudan at a high rental to piratical slave-hunters, who, under the assumed name of ivory traders, started from Khartoum and desolated the interior—massacring, plundering, burning, and kidnapping the women and children to be sold as slaves throughout the Soudan.

The most important of these slave-hunters was the firm of Agād and Co., of Cairo, represented by a brother named Achmet Sheik Agād at Khartoum. The business was under the practical control of a son-in-law of Agād, named Abou Saood. This man annually accompanied the vessels from Khartoum with fresh reinforcements of brigands, together with a large supply of ammunition, but no merchandise, as the medium of exchange for ivory was cattle. These were stolen in *razzias* from one tribe to be exchanged for ivory in another.

Abou Saood had about 2500 armed men in his employ. These were Arabs, runaway soldiers—villains who had escaped from punishment, *et hoc genus omne*. All were armed with muskets, and were organised after a military fashion, in companies, with the requisite officers.

Abou Saood was a respectable tenant of the Egyptian Government, to establish commerce in Central Africa without merchandise of any kind, but supported by 2500 cut-throats.

When I was established at Gondokoro as Governor-General of the new territory, this man Abou Saood arrived from Khartoum with eight vessels and about 500 of his brigands on the 9th of June, 1871. His people drove along the bank a herd of 1400 cows and calves, which he had captured, in defiance of my authority, from the Shir tribes where I had left a small detachment of a major, a sergeant, and five soldiers under the protection of a friendly chief.

The result of Abou Saood's wanton attack was natural. The natives, suspecting complicity on the part of my detachment of regular troops, massacred the five soldiers, and the officers escaped through the devotion of the Chief with whom I had left them.

Abou Saood had murdered in cold blood Werdella, the Chief of the Madi tribe, whom he had kept prisoner in his camp, and to whom I had granted protection. His people fired at my messengers when I sent a letter to his camp concerning the protection of this man. Abou Saood had previously murdered in cold blood the Chief of Belinian, together with several members of his family, who had accepted a friendly invitation to his camp. The unsuspicious guests were captured and butchered.

On the 8th of June, 1873, during my homeward voyage to Khartoum, I overtook three vessels belonging to Abou Saood with 700 slaves on board! These vessels were on their way towards Khartoum, and were prepared to pass the Government station of Fashoda, which actually dominates the river. Thus, while I had been strenuously working against the slave trade in the South, the arch slave-trader, Abou Saood, was carrying down masses of slaves behind my back by the north. The commander of the slave boat Wat Hojoly assured me that he and others were in the habit of bribing the Governor of Fashoda and passing cargoes of slaves during my absence! These three vessels and their slave cargoes were captured, and the curtain fell upon this last act of the expedition.

For more than six weeks I remained in Egypt, and, in spite of every exertion, I could not induce the Khedive to bring the malefactor Abou Saood to trial. At length, Nubar Pasha begged me to give him all my documentary evidence, and to go to England with the assurance, on his word of honour, "that the slave hunter Abou Saood should have a fair trial"—before the "secret tribunal." I gave up my documentary evidence, but I took a receipt from Nubar Pasha, which I now hold.

No sooner was my back turned than the prisoner was released, and Abou Saood, the great slave-hunter of the White Nile, the murderer of native Sheiks under Government protection, the rebel who gave orders to his people treacherously to attack and murder me if possible—this man has been appointed by the Khedive to be the agent or right-hand man to assist Colonel Gordon in his present expedition!

A Long Fast.

The New York *World* of the 1st July records the following: John Parvianes, a Finlander, thirty-three years of age, was convicted of assault and battery in Newark last autumn, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the State penitentiary at Trenton. He entered that institution on the 11th of November and was placed at labour in the shoe shop. He was industrious and tractable until the middle of May, when he demanded his discharge, importuning all the officials to whom he could obtain access. On the 20th he swore he would eat no food for forty days, and he has kept the oath. He became violent and abusive, and a day or two after the beginning of his extraordinary fast he armed himself with a sharp knife, turned on the water in his cell, and threatened to kill any one who entered to turn it off. He was finally overpowered, without injury to any one, and removed to a cell in the north wing. He asserted his innocence repeatedly, and throwing himself upon his cot he has lain there most of the time since. Every inducement imaginable has been made to lead him to break this resolve. The most tempting food has been placed in his cell repeatedly, only to be dashed across the room and the dishes shivered to atoms the instant he could lay hands upon them. As he has not been out of his cell since entering it, and no one has succeeded in getting him to place a mouthful to his lips, it is absolutely certain that he has fasted for full forty days and nights. He has drank water and munched ice continually, with the famished eagerness of a starving wolf; but nothing has been able to break down his indomitable will.

The Dog Detective.

Apropos of the controversy as to the reality of a recent combat between a man and a dog at Hanley, many who have stopped at Montargis, on the route from Paris to Lyons, will remember the story of the Dog of Montargis, who fought with the murderer of his master and avenged his blood. In the great hall of that town, before its demolition, there was a fresco painting over the fireplace representing the strange duel, which was fought, according to tradition, in the presence of Charles VI. in the lists of the Ile de Notre Dame at Paris. The story is told at length in *Mémoires sur les Duels*. It runs as follows: One day M. Aubrey de Mont Didier, a gentleman of birth and influence, was journeying alone through the lonely Forest of Bondy, when he was attacked by robbers and killed, his body being buried by the assassins under a tree hard by the spot where he fell. For some days an English bloodhound whom he had with him kept watch over his grave till compelled by hunger to quit the post. On this the dog made his way to the house of a friend of the deceased gentleman at Paris, where the strangeness of his manners, coupled with the fact of his having come back without his master, roused much curiosity and wonder. As soon as he had been fed he kept running towards the door of the house and then back to his master's friend, pulling him by the sleeve, and used all sorts of dumb eloquence as if he wanted him to follow. At last the friend resolved to follow the leading of the dog, who made his way to the forest and went straight to the foot of the tree where his murdered master lay. Here the dog began to howl piteously, scratching up the earth with his paws, and showing his wish that the place should be dug out. Upon digging a few feet the friend and his companions came upon the body of M. Mont Didier, bearing the wounds which had been inflicted upon it by the knife of the murderer. For some time, however, no trace of the actual assassin could be found, till one day the dog met in the streets of Paris a certain Chevalier named Macaire, whom he instantly tried to seize by the throat with great fury. This strange conduct on the part of a quiet and peaceful animal was repeated on a second occasion, and as it was known that Macaire had been a personal enemy of Mont Didier, grave suspicions began to be aroused. At length the affair reached the ears of the King, who, being anxious that the matter should be thoroughly sifted, sent for Macaire and also for the dog, who was gentle and playful until he scented Macaire in the crowd of courtiers standing around the King, when, as usual, he showed the fiercest hostility towards him. Struck by such an undesigned piece of circumstantial evidence, the King at once ordered that the decision should be referred to the trial by battle, or "appeal to the judgment of God," and a combat was ordered to be held between the Chevalier and the dog in the Ile de Notre Dame, which then was almost an open space. The terms of the encounter were that the dog was to have an empty cask to retreat into after he had made his springs at his foe, while the man was allowed a cudgel by way of arms. Everything was prepared for the duel, when the dog no sooner found himself free and face to face with his antagonist than he began running round and round Macaire, avoiding his blows, until at last he seized him fairly by the throat, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in laying him prostrate on the ground. The Chevalier was rescued from the dog's grip by the bystanders, and conscience-stricken, in the presence of the King, his Court, and the rest of the spectators, he acknowledged his guilt. A few days afterwards he expiated his crime upon the scaffold. The "Dog of Montargis" is a well-known tale in France, where its substantial truth is not doubted, and it has been, we believe, the subject of at all events one popular drama.

Theodore and Rosine:

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

In a certain pretty town of France, situated between Nantes and Tours, on the river Loire, there stood at the time of our story a number of very pretty dwellings, each with its little balcony, its vine-wreathed arbour and its garden full of gay flowers—not facing the road, as they would have done in an American town, with only a hedge or a little low railing between the eyes of strangers and their privacy, but set about with a high stone wall, in the midst of which stood a prodigious gate, bolted and barred within as though an hundred burglars were expected every night.

If it had not been for this precaution it would not have been esteemed proper for Mademoiselle Rosine Michaud to walk so often between the bright borders, or sit so much under the old pear trees in her father's garden. Young French ladies are guarded very carefully by their parents, and seclusion is their portion during their maidenhood. No one was more rigid in regard to this matter than Monsieur Michaud. Not that Monsieur Michaud intended to doom his daughter to celibacy; he had already chosen a husband for her in the person of the son of an old friend, Monsieur Thibault, who was equally anxious for an alliance between the families.

And, strange to say, the young people thus betrothed were very much in love with each other. Ever since he, a little boy playing with other boys in the road without his father's gate, had seen Rosine Michaud in her tall white crimped cap and baby shoes of pink kid, toddle by, clinging to the hand of her nurse, he had had an admiration for her; and Rosine had felt Fate only too kind to her in giving her an affianced husband like Theodore Thibault, when it might very well have been some one whom she detested.

To be sure, they did not see each other very often, and never alone; but there were moments when a word might be whispered, and there would come a supreme moment at last when holy words should bind them together for ever. What more could one ask? Life was like a fairy tale to Rosine, who had nothing to do all day but to dream with a bit of embroidery between her fingers, while Madame Michaud superintended the household and scolded the servants; and Theodore, though deep in the mysteries of business the best part of the day, stole moments for memories and hopes in which Rosine figured, and lay awake half the night watching the moon on her account.

Then came the Sundays, when M. Thibault and his son dined with the Michauds, and after dusk it was possible—yes, just possible—to hold her hand a little, while Madame Michaud dosed and the two fathers held an argument.

Everything was in fine train. The papers made out—the little house, which M. Thibault was to bestow upon the bridegroom, already furnished—piles of white muslin in the seamstresses' hands—and the very ring bought, when an awful thing occurred.

M. Michaud and M. Thibault, sitting down to dominoes one fine day, fell into a quarrel. At first merely a polite one; then an angry one; then a furious one. M. Michaud called M. Thibauld a *cheat*, and M. Thibauld called M. Michaud a *liar*. M. Thibauld gathered the dominoes in his hands, and was about to hurl them at the head of M. Michaud. He thought better of it, caught up his hat, stuck it on his head all sideways, crammed his fists into his pockets, and, without an "adieu," marched out of the house, calling to his son to follow him.

The end of the affair was a dissolution of the matrimonial engagement between Rosine and Theodore.

In vain Theodore remonstrated. In vain Rosine wept. The old gentlemen were not to be moved by the unhappiness of the children. All the deeds that had been drawn up were cancelled. The little house which had been furnished for the bride and bridegroom, was let to an English gentleman sojourning in the place, and the lovers were forbidden to speak another word to each other as long as they both lived.

Romeo and Juliet were certainly in no worse plight than our poor Rosine and Theodore.

Perhaps it was worse for Theodore than for Rosine. She was permitted to weep as much as she chose. It was only natural that she should be found sitting disconsolately under the pear trees, that she should eat no dinner, and refuse herself to callers. Her mother felt great sympathy for her, and her father felt grieved that he could not make her happy.

But Theodore, whose feelings were probably stronger, and who felt the injustice of the old men's conduct more poignantly because he was not so used to consider his parents' word law, and had not such a habit of implicit obedience as a young French girl must have, was forced to attend to business, to talk to his father's customers, to appear in every way as usual, and was not allowed a moment of private conversation with the old gentleman. Rosine grew sad, but Theodore grew angry. She gave up all hope; he began to plan a meeting. At last, having bribed Rosine's maid to keep his secret, he confided to the hands of the girl a letter for her mistress, in which he begged her to steal from the house that night, and wait under the pear trees beside the garden wall until he should come to her.

Rosine, who had never disobeyed her parents in her life, felt as guilty as though she were about to commit a murder, when she stole out of the little side door to keep this rendezvous; but, nevertheless, her heart beat high with hope at the thought of meeting Theodore once more. And when at last she saw through the darkness a form rise above the wall, stand upon it for a moment, and proceed to descend by means of a rope, which was fastened on the other side, she with difficulty refrained from screaming aloud.

"Theodore!" she whispered; "oh, Theodore! my Theodore! that it should be wrong for me to meet thee; that we who were once betrothed lovers should come to this!"

But the next moment he had caught her hands and kissed them, and she forgot all but that they were together.

This was the first meeting, but it was not the last. Night after night, when the old people were asleep, and in his own chamber, a mile or two away, M. Thibault snored peacefully, Theodore and Rosine sat side by side more familiarly than they ever had before, in the garden under the pear trees, while Nannette, the maid, kept watch without the little side door.

They had assured each other that the old gentlemen would one day be reconciled, and meanwhile each had promised to wait and hope. And those stealthy meetings had a charm in them certainly, and the lovers were wretched no longer.

All this had been going on for some time, when one night Rosine took her usual place to wait for Theodore. She heard the stealthy step, as usual. She saw the lithe form mount the wall and stand in full relief against the golden moon, just at that moment rising. Then a faint cry of horror fell upon her ear, and it vanished from her sight. There was a dull thud upon the earth without—a groan, and silence.

Theodore had slipped and fallen to the ground. For some moments he remained insensible. Rosine, nearly mad with terror, stood wringing her hands within the garden.

Her maid, who had seen all, hurried down the path. Neither of the girls knew what was best to do. At last Nannette, a stout young peasant girl, clambered up into the largest pear tree, and managed to get her chin to a level with the wall. She could not see anything below, but she heard a movement.

"Mr. Theodore," she whispered, "speak if you can. My mistress is nearly frightened to death."

A faint voice replied to her:

"Give my love to your mistress. I am not much hurt, but it will be best for me to go home now. I think there has been some noise."

"He is not hurt, mam'selle," said the maid. "But he fears to stay."

"Go, dearest Theodore," whispered Rosine. "Oh, Nannette, are you sure he is not injured?"

"He is walking away, mam'selle," said the maid.

And then the two girls ran in-doors, Rosine in a terrible state of agitation. She knew that Theodore had been more injured than he would confess. And this indeed was true. He had broken his arm, and felt a deathly faintness creeping over him. His one hope was to manage to get far enough from the house of old Michaud, to prevent any suspicion of the manner in which he had met with his accident; and at the first turning he left the street and hurried on, hoping to procure some assistance before he lost the power of speech and motion. At last, amidst the darkened windows, he saw one in which a light burnt. Drawing nearer, he saw that the door stood open, and heard some noise within. His strength was nearly gone. He made use of what remained to stagger under the doorway, and fell prone at the foot of the stairs just as an old man in a night-gown, with a candle in one hand and a poker in the other, rushed down them, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Thieves! Murder! Help! Police! police!"

This old man was Pierre Blanc, a reputed miser, who had just before awakened to find two masked men in his room, one of whom held him, while the other plundered his cash box. After much struggling, he had succeeded in dealing one of the rascals a heavy blow with a cudgel, which he always kept under his pillow, and had been knocked senseless in return. When he came to himself, he was in perfect darkness, and it had taken him some time to strike a light; but to his great joy, when he had done so, he found, as he supposed, one of the robbers lying wounded on the floor of his house.

The old man's shouts soon brought assistance, and he told his story as people usually do, in a manner which reflected most credit on himself.

He declared that he had defended himself against both robbers, and wounded one; and here he lay, the rascal before them."

"But this is Theodore Thibault, the son of old Monsieur Thibault," cried one of the assembled group. "He is no robber, monsieur."

"Nevertheless, it is all as I said," declared Pierre Blanc.

And on his word the poor wounded Theodore was carried to prison.

It was some hours before he understood the charge that had been made against him; but when he did, he at once formed a noble resolution. Suffer what he might—shame, imprisonment, whatever it might be, he would guard Rosine's honour. No one should ever know that it was in endeavouring to meet her alone, at midnight, in the garden of her father's house, that he had met with this accident. True, the angels themselves need not have blushed to listen to every word that had passed between them; but men's hearts are foul, and woman's fair fame may be sullied by a breath, and he would keep the secret at any cost, for love of her who loved him so. This vow taken, his lips were closed. He denied that he had been concerned in the robbery of Pierre Blanc's strong box, but refused to give any explanation of the manner in which he had been injured.

Old Thibault was nearly out of his mind with anxiety. All Theodore's friends were plunged into consternation. The people of the place were divided in their opinion as to his guilt, and Pierre swore to him as the robber he had beaten.

So he awaited his trial, strong in his consciousness of innocence, and his faith to his beloved.

The day of the trial came at last. The court was crowded. Pierre Blanc was ready to swear to his story. The policeman and neighbours were witnesses to the fact that Theodore had been found lying insensible at the foot of the miser's staircase on the night of the robbery.

The prisoner himself had only his position and good character in his favour. Not a word would he utter in his own behalf save a simple assertion of his innocence. Old M. Thibault was weeping like a child. M. Michaud, who had always liked the young fellow, and whose heart even softened to his old friend in his affliction, was very much moved. The prisoner only was calm. Wasted and pale, with his arm in a sling, he sat looking at the floor; but it was not that which he saw. Memory brought back to him, as he sat there, a picture vivid as reality: the quiet garden, the dark branches of the old pear-trees softening even the soft moonlight; and on the old stone bench, with its grim carvings, elms half hidden in green moss, the beautiful form of Rosine Michaud, as she sat awaiting his coming.

Meetings for ever over—hopes for ever dead. They were about him instead of the staring crowd, the grave lawyers, and the eager, angry miser ready to swear away his liberty.

All was over. Nothing more could be said. The final proceedings were about to be taken, and none believed that the prisoner could possibly escape the sentence of the law, when suddenly there was a stir near the door, and the crowd parted to admit two persons, who forced their way toward the bench on which the justice sat.

One was a lady closely veiled. The other a peasant girl, evidently her maid.

At the sight of the pair old Michaud started to his feet. Before she threw her veil back he recognised his daughter Rosine.

The prisoner uttered a low cry, but disregarding them both the girl advanced toward the justice, whom she knew by sight. Ignorant of all forms of law, she only thought of saving Theodore, whose motive for silence she quite understood; and, fearful lest she should be too late, spoke at once.

"Sir," she said, "I have come as a witness for Theodore Thibault. I know how he met with his accident, and I know the motive for his silence. It is for my unworthy sake that he allows himself to be misjudged. It was to meet me in my father's garden that he climbed the stone wall from which he fell. I saw him fall; I and my maid Nannette, and we are ready with our testimony."

Old Michaud gave a cry and started forward. Old Thibault also uttered an exclamation as he sprung to Michaud's side.

"We might have known," he said. "We were young once."

But silence was enforced, and they with other spectators could only listen to the evidence. What it was we know; and Theodore, his motive for silence over, finished the tale.

The miser, re-examined, owned to the fact of having been insensible for some time, and confessed that he did not see the faces of the robbers, and Theodore Thibault was free again. But now that he was free, and now that she had done her duty, the consequences of her disobedience awaited Rosine. She stood trembling at her father's side, but he did not look unkindly on her.

"Sir," he said to old Thibault, "whatever we may think of each other, your son is a brave and loyal gentleman."

"Sir," said Thibault, "I cannot but esteem the father of so brave and charming a young lady."

"There is but one thing for us to do," said Michaud.

"But one," said Thibault, extending his arms.

Thereupon, in good old French fashion, the two men embraced each other, and all went home together to Michaud's house, where the marriage contract was once more made out and signed, and an early date set for the wedding of Rosine and Theodore.

On its eve, in the good old-fashioned way, let us leave them, with nothing but honeymoon-bliss visible in the future.

The Three Angels.

They say this life is barren, drear, and cold;
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife;
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Which Dead-Sea fruit long, long ago, has cloyed,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife;
And yet—a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife;
And yet—a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf;
Three Angels share the lot of human strife,
Three Angels glorify the path of life—

Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our way;
Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits' stay;
Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

Irish Outlaws.

Of the patriot class of Irish outlaws, the victorious O'Neil, known in English annals as Tyrone, is one of the earliest and most memorable—the ingenuity and skilfulness of the resources he adopted being not less remarkable than the courageous spirit that sustained them. As time, however, advances, a lower type succeeds. We have the robber *pur et simple*, as in the case of "Ned of the Hill," but who still contrived to mingle some little romantic element with his predatory doings. He was an accomplished musician, as well as a highly-intrepid captain—could use his tongue as well as his sword, and was quite as dangerous, it appears, to the fairer sex as to the coarser.

Less graceful, but not less adventurous, was the long-remembered Charley Dempsey, better known under his Irish title of *Cahir na Coppel*, or Charley of the Horses. He was a Queen's County hero, where tradition, I believe, still points to his grave among the hills, and was more distinguished as a robber of cattle than of ordinary property, making constant inroads on the English settlements, and carrying off their horses, which, it is said, he dragged away by their tails, in the manner of the classic giant, in order to avoid their being tracked. Numerous stories are recounted of his cleverness as well as boldness, and in the sale of his stolen merchandise, as well as in its seizure. On one occasion, it is said, a purchaser asked him to be candid. "Is it a good horse you are selling me?"

"For what do you want him?" was the answer.

"To send to England."

"Oh, he'll do for that; he's a good horse for exportation; he's very well at sea, if he isn't worth much upon land."

At some interval of time succeeded the "Claude Duval" school of outlaws—the gentlemanly highwaymen, who elevated robbery almost into a refinement, and of whom the great exemplar was the famous Redmond O'Hanlon. His exactions were all levied with as much courtesy on the men as they were marked by a fine air of gallantry towards the ladies. His example became infectious—others assumed his courtly manners, and one even had the audacity to make use of his name. Whereupon, jealous of a fame which had made his career so exceptional, he disguised himself, and contrived to fall in with his presumptuous counterfeit; and when politely asked for his purse in the name of Redmond O'Hanlon, he, with equal grace, demurring to being pillaged by himself, speedily disarmed the pretender, and carried him off to the neighbouring town, where, by means of his emissaries, he gave him up to justice.

The disbanding of James II.'s army led to the next phase of outlaw life, when the better portion of those soldiers having enrolled themselves in foreign service, the dregs remained behind and formed the worst kind of marauders, under the title of Rapparees. The derivation of their name is uncertain, though it is commonly connected with their principal implement—a pike; but no doubt lingers as to their character, the viciousness of which had acquired a tinge of ferocity from their military experience. These were succeeded in the next century by bands of political offenders — the "White-boys" and "Peep-o'-Day Boys"—who rose against the Penal Code, or in hostility to a rival communion. These men were not robbers in the ordinary sense of the term, but they were outlaws, nevertheless, and in many cases suffered the extremest penalties of the law.

The ludicrous, however, in their instance, as in that of grander culprits, was often mingled with a gloomy fate and a stern display of justice. A White-boy, who was a blacksmith, and who was condemned to transportation for life, excited powerful sympathy on the score of his professional merits. He lived in a hunting-county where his aid was thought so valuable, that an application was made to the judge in order that his sentence might be mitigated.

"He is the only man, your honour," said the influential deputation, "who can shoe a horse for miles about us."

"Impossible, gentlemen," replied the Rhadamanthus; "an example must be made."

"Very true," observed the applicants; "but you see, we have only got one blacksmith, while we have a crowd of idle weavers. Could not you take one of the weavers?"

The Rapparees, as I have said, were the worst marauders Ireland has produced. Disbanded soldiers of the lowest class, they united to their vices sufficient order to enable them to rob on an extensive scale; and, till they were dispersed by regular troops, they contrived to lay the country under pretty general contribution. Still, it must be owned that, with all their villainy, these fellows had a spice of humour which, if it did no credit to its nationality, unmistakably proclaimed it.

One of them, arrested for a highway robbery, on being brought before a magistrate, asserted that he was more entitled to be pitied than to be punished.

"Pitied!" exclaims the justice, while his eyebrows arched with more than ordinary wonder and contempt; "and on what account, pray?"

"Sure, on account of my misfortune."

"Your misfortune, indeed! What! that we have caught you, I suppose?"

"Oh, the jintleman that's brought me here knows my misfortune well enough."

But the gentleman was as astonished as the magistrate himself, and as incapable of guessing the culprit's meaning.

"You will own, I suppose," said his worship, "that you stopped this gentleman on the highway?"

"Oh, yes, I did that same."

"And that you took from him fifty pounds in Bank-of-Wexford bills?"

"And there your honour's right again."

"Well, then, you perplexing vagabond, what do you mean by your misfortune?"

"Sure, I mean that the money wasn't in my pocket above a week, when the dirty bank stopped payment, and I was robbed of every shillin'."—*Life of Samuel Lover.*

Mobbed by Thieves.

One November morning, a good many years ago, I sat at breakfast in a London hotel, and tantalised myself with the sight of a cheque for £200, drawn to my order, not a penny of which was mine. I was one of the world's martyrs, an honorary secretary, doomed to take any amount of trouble, and get nothing for it but private abuse every day, and a public vote of thanks once a year—unless, indeed this trip to London, with necessary expenses paid, on the association's business, might be considered remuneration. In fine weather, and with a little ready money of his own to spend, a young man to whom the life of capitals still has something strange and intoxicating about it, might so regard it. But in a sleety, foggy November, and with urgent necessity for economy, he would probably prefer to remain at home. Two hundred pounds! Supposing, I thought, it were only mine; I should be able to buy that mare of Montgomery's, who carried me so well with the fox-hounds when my own nag was lame. Montgomery would allow me forty pounds for the latter, that was hardly up to my weight. I could also get a breech-loader, a new invention then, but taken up strongly by the man over whose land I had my best shooting, and who grumbled so much at the line being delayed while I measured out and rammed down the powder and shot in the old fashion, that I began to fear for my welcome. And then there was a bracelet——

But it would be tedious to enumerate all the methods which occurred to me of spending the money I had not got, as I ate and drank in a leisurely solitary state, ogling the cheque. They were so numerous that I came at last to the conclusion that as the two hundred pounds would not suffice for a tithe of them, it was not worth having, and returned the magic bit of paper to my pocket-book with the restored equanimity of the fox when he made his famous discovery about the grapes. Once upon a—— but perhaps you may have heard the fable.

Day-dreams and breakfast over, I started to complete the business upon which I had been engaged, and as payments were to be made it was necessary to cash the cheque. The bank upon which it was drawn was in a narrow street near Cornhill, and it struck me that there was even a larger crowd than usual in the main thoroughfares as I threaded my way eastwards; or if not a larger, a more stagnant crowd, not ebbing and flowing in the ordinary buoyant way. I seemed for once to be in a greater hurry than other people, and felt very proud of the fact. I expect that if any acquaintance had met me, the business-like gravity of my features would have puzzled him, and he would have thought I must have a wealthy twin-brother in the dry-salting line.

However, no one who knew me appeared, and I reached the bank unaccosted—presented the cheque—said how I would have it—wondered, as I always do, how the clerk could hand over a sum exceeding his own income to a perfect stranger with such utter composure—crammed the notes into the inner breast-pocket of my coat—buttoned the coat up, and stepped with a sensation of even increased importance into the street. I had sometimes been worth robbing for a short period, but now I felt like worth murdering as I passed along a court into Cornhill, and so across the road, looking right and left for a cab.

Certainly there were more people than I had ever seen there before, and they moved about more slowly. The large open space in front of the Royal Exchange was literally filled. Endeavouring to make my way through, I found the mass increase in density, until at last I was fixed like a whaler in an ice-flow, amidst a motionless crowd, evidently gathered for some purpose.

What was it all about? A voice, the owner of which was invisible, revealed the mystery.

"One penny, the ole percession. Oo'll 'ave the Lord Mayor's Show for a penny?"

Of course, the Lord Mayor's Show *was* in November, and I had hit on the very day. No doubt it would pass that way presently, and I should have a chance of seeing it if I could only edge a little nearer to the front. It would have been better if I had not had so much money about me, but that could not be helped now, and no one knew it.

Thus I flattered myself at first; but presently I did not feel so sure of that same desirable ignorance on the part of my neighbours. Where had these men all about me come from? Stray glimpses of such beings I had sometimes caught, but here was a swarm of them. Were they precocious boys, forced in hotbeds of vice, or gin-stunted men? They were small and lean, but seemed to expect to grow, for their clothes were made for average-sized adults. They were unkempt, sallow, and very dirty. Their gait was slouching, and so far they were not unlike a certain class of professional beggars, for whom, however, they could not easily be mistaken. The mendicant wears a conventional piteous mask, which is so obviously a mask for any one who can observe at all, that he *knows* that the fellow makes a grimace (of spite if he refuse; of derision if he give) the moment his back is turned. But these men had vicious, side-glancing eyes; earnest lines seaming their features; cruel, relentless mouths. There was that look about them which characterises the beast of prey when hunted in his turn—a look of cunning and hatred. The motto stamped upon them seemed to be—"A short life, and a *hunted* one, with one spring for revenge." I did not suspect; I was certain that they were thieves, and I could hardly doubt but what they were thus collected together, to the neglect of private enterprise amongst the watches and purses of the crowd, for some special purpose.

When it first occurred to me that I might have been watched receiving the money, and followed, I attempted quietly to withdraw. It looked easy enough, for the beings who excited my suspicions were after all but a small knot comparatively, and beyond them on all sides seethed a mob of roughs, who were not clean or beautiful indeed, but who in all probability were not criminals. However, directly my intention became manifest, a man hustled me, and immediately shouted out—

"Where are you a-shoving to?"

Second Thief: "Who are you, I should like to know!"

Third and Fourth Thieves: "Who are you, I should like to know?"

First Thief: "He thinks himself a [unpleasant term meaning very great] swell, a-knocking blokes about."

At this point unpleasant terms overpowered coherency of speech. The policy of the thieves was sound. By raising the shibboleth of class prejudice they had enlisted the sympathies of the roughs, and I found myself in a position the most trying to the nerves of any I have ever experienced. To stand in the midst of a threatening crowd, and see nothing but angry faces glowering at you, is a remembrance to haunt you if ever you have a fever years after. No doubt the police sometimes exceed their duty, but ever since that day I have felt inclined to make a very great allowance for them, and it irritates me to hear them villified and caricatured, for my position that day is theirs constantly. I, too, had laughed at them, but I would have given something for a glimpse of a broad pair of shoulders clad in blue at that moment. Fortunately I kept my temper and presence of mind. Without answering, without attempting to rush, I pressed steadily on through the surrounding mass. Buttoning my frock coat still closer, I now kept my arms low, with the elbows square and the fists clenched, guarding that region of the waist so exposed to a disabling blow, and expecting attack; for do what I would I could not get clear of the thieves who clustered round me. Presently one of them sprang at me and made a snatch at my breast-pin. Being tall I was able to foil him, but the attempt acted as a signal, and I was assailed on all sides, efforts being especially made to tear my coat open.

At this critical moment I saw an omnibus on the edge of the crowd, and about ten yards off, stationary, evidently drawn up as a stand-point to see the procession from; and on the roof were a party of soldiers, with white bands round their caps.

"Coldstreams to the rescue!" I shouted as loudly as I could, forcing my way towards them. The cry attracted their attention.

"Don't let me be robbed under your eyes!" I cried.

From their perch they were able to see what was going on, and down they came in a twinkling. There was a surging and much swearing; the dense rim of the crowd separated, and a fellow whose hand was on my collar went down before the flash of a red arm as though he had been struck by a battering-ram.

The guardsmen attempted no arrests, but they cut me out and bore me back to the omnibus in a twinkling. I had lost my hat, my clothes were torn, but the roll of bank-notes was safe, also my watch. The rogues had not even got my scarf-pin, nor were my personal injuries worth mentioning—a few bruises and a scratch, that was all. The guardsmen were immensely delighted with half a sovereign for beer—surely as small a salvage as has often been paid, espeas they lost their show, for the procession passed during the rescue.

Damage to the clothes is soon rectified in London, unless you are absolutely penniless; and when I had once got a cab I was all right, transacted my business, and left town on the following morning.

I mentioned in my report the peril I had incurred, hoping to stir to gratitude the association of which I am an honorary secretary. I partially succeeded. They held a special meeting, and voted me unanimously—a new hat!—*Lewis Hough, in Cassell's Magazine.*

ATTACK ON FRONTIER GENDARMES.—The *Continental Herald* says: Some men from Haute Savoie attacked the Swiss gendarmes stationed at the frontier village of Moilessulaz, under the following circumstances: Towards 11 o'clock a waggon approached the station belonging to a wood-merchant of Peillonex, in Haute Savoie. Contrary to the police regulations the waggon had no lantern, and the gendarme on duty told the owner that he had committed a breach of the law; upon which the latter aimed a blow at his head with a knife, and another cut from the knife opened his tunic on the left side above his collar bone. He also struck the gendarme repeatedly with the butt-end of his whip. At this moment two more inhabitants of Peillonex arrived with their cars, jumped from their seats, and joined their compatriot in his attack upon the gendarme. Upon this two men at the gendarme station rushed to aid their colleague, but without their sabres; the first received a cut from a knife on the right fore-arm, and seeing that their assailants were too many for them, they summoned to their aid one of the frontier guards, who in his turn received a cut from a knife that severed a vein in his hand. Finally, however, the assailants were overcome and all three made prisoners. They were brought to Geneva to await a judicial investigation into the affair. It is not the first time that a similar outrage has occurred on the same spot.

News Miscellany.

Tragic End.—The father of a family who resided at Wiesen in the Grisons, made advances to a young girl belonging to the village of Nairs, promising to marry her. The wife of the fellow complained, with reason. In order to get out of his scrape the man attempted to assassinate his financée. Not having succeeded, he threw himself into the inn, and resisted all efforts to rescue him. His body was found far down the river in the Tyrol.

The Great Lady Tourist.—A Denver (Colorado) paper notes the return to that city of Miss Mattie Gaylord, of Boston, "the great tourist of the North-West and the Pacific coast," and says: "Five years ago she and her sister made this city their initial point of departure for a wonderful journey of 13,000 miles, which they accomplished with their own carriage, visiting every camp, settlement, village, and city in the Territories and on the Pacific coast. Miss Gaylord is now *en route* to Australia, where she will spend the next two years in a similar journey."

Band of Four-and-Twenty Robbers.—The Assize Court of Thun has been engaged with the trial of a band of four-and-twenty robbers and vagabonds, the chief of whom made a daring attempt to escape from the prison of Friburg some months ago. The scene of the exploits of the band was the district of Konolfingen, in Berne, and some thirty to forty robberies were laid to their charge. The leader was sentenced to imprisonment for five years and nine months, and a dozen others, of both sexes, to the same punishment for three years and nine months, with six weeks at the house of correction.

Wonderful Rat Story.—The intelligence occasionally displayed by dumb animals is only equalled by their good feeling, and even the most loathsome creatures will sometimes exhibit a thoughtful tenderness for each other that may well put Christians to the blush. The *Christian Union*, an American paper, vouches for the truth of the following story respecting some rats. A young rat had fallen into a pail of pig-feed. Six friends or relatives—the latter is most probably the case—witnessed the distressing incident, and were seen holding a consultation as to the best means of extricating the infant rat. So earnest were their deliberations that they entirely ignored the presence of several persons who were watching their proceedings with deep interest. At last the rats decided on an ingenious scheme, which they immediately carried into effect. Entwining their feet together the six rats formed a chain over the edge of the pail, the foremost rat, "supposed to be the mother," then tenderly grasped the drowning little rat in her arms, and both were drawn out on the floor. The end of the story is melancholy in the extreme. The infant rat was, on examination by its rescuers, found to be dead. After gazing at it for some moments in mute despair, the six elderly rats gave it a last fond look, wiped the tears from their eyes with their fore-paws, and departed without making any attempt to resuscitate it.

Novel Amputation Case.—The medical fraternity (says the *Liverpool Courier*) will be interested by the following interesting case at the New York Park Hospital: John Deeny, a labourer of this city, aged about 30, had fallen off the front of a street car, and the wheels passed over his feet and a portion of one of his legs. Dr. Early placed round both of his thighs an elastic bandage, two inches in breadth and about eight feet long, which, on account of the compressed fashion in which it was bound, stopped the circulation of the blood. To make assurance doubly sure a rubber cord, about a third of an inch thick, was bound round above the top of the bandage, which completely controlled the circulation. Dr. Fluhrer amputated both feet and a portion of the left leg. Not a drop of blood was lost with the operation of the right leg, but a few drops were lost from the left foot. The footless legs were then placed in Dr. Fluhrer's new suspension apparatus, and the wounds are left to nature's care, and no application or dressing whatever is made to the stumps. Dr. Fluhrer states that the patient will be able to walk on the stump of the right foot, to which a portion of the heel has been left attached to act as a pad, and on the left leg a cork foot will be requisite. The patient at the Park Hospital is visited by a large number of medical men.

Execution of a Japanese Insurgent Leader.—The *Cleveland* (Ohio) *Herald* publishes a letter it has received from Yokohama, written on the 15th of May. The writer says: "The outbreak (it is not worthy the name of rebellion) in Sagaken, in the south, has been quelled. There was some bloodshed, a very few skirmishes, and the insurgent Samourai were dispersed. Twelve of the more noted of their leaders paid the penalty of their misdeeds with their heads, and the curtain dropped on one of the scenes so common in the Orient—a wholesale execution for political offences. The most illustrious of the insurgents was Yeto Shimpei. He had been Minister of Justice, and was in reality leader of the outbreak. He was a soured and disappointed man. A misunderstanding with the Treasury caused him to resign, and he was from the first a bitter opponent of the Iwakura Ministry. He was among those who signed the petition to the Daijokman Grand Council, praying, or rather insolently demanding, the creation of a Parliament or Legislative Body. Tiring of peaceful measures, he went to the south, and became the head and front of the discontented Samourai of his old home, Saga. I met him once at a dinner party, and was very pleasantly impressed. He was a handsome man, of grave and polite manner, and apparently very intelligent, and of a firm and unyielding disposition. Even in that little assemblage, where every other Japanese guest was an officer of high rank under the Government, Yeto, without office and a known opponent of the Government, was treated with marked respect and deference. He met death as he had lived—boldly and without fear. When with bared throat and bandaged eyes, he turned his face for the last time towards the east, he was asked if he had anything to say. In a firm, unquivering voice he began the recitation of an impromptu verse of poetry, defending his action and praying for a bright and happy people for whom he died. The last syllable had hardly fallen from his lips before the executioner's sword fell. As a special mark of the heinous nature of his offence, Yeto's head was placed upon a stake and exposed in the public highway of the disaffected Province for several days."

Thames-side Horrors.—About the middle of the present century (says the *Echo*) a certain philosopher offered all the military powers of Europe a deadly secret, which he averred would render war impossible, on account of the terrific powers of destruction his plan would place at the command of the purchaser. This fearful invention consisted, according to the *savant*, of "a stench such as the imagination of man is unable to conceive." As no Government bought this potent weapon, its horrors remain inconceivable, but human imagination on this point may now be greatly assisted by a report lately published for the benefit of the inhabitants of the localities affected, on the subject of the effluvia arising from numerous establishments on the banks of the River Thames below Greenwich. One of these odours is described as being "putrid as well as sickening," another as possessing "an acid and sickening character." These are produced, it appears, by a combination of manure works, oil of vitriol, sulphuric acid, tar, gas, glue, oil and candle works, sugar-baking and malt-roasting. The mixture certainly sounds disagreeable, and is, no doubt, destined to undergo considerable modification. Otherwise, the citizens of London will soon be in the position of a visitor to a fashionable, but then ill-drained, watering-place, who was much shocked, on taking his first airing, by being asked by the flyman whether he should drive him "as far as the smell and back."

Foreigners in Saxony.—The *Hannoverscher* of the 21st of July, quoting from the *Dresdener Journal*, says that at the last Saxony Census the mother-tongue of each inhabitant was required, whereas formerly they were asked if they were *Wend*. Of the 2,555,244 persons in Saxony 2,498,750 used German as their mother-tongue; the foreign speaking were 57,494, or about two and a third per cent. of the entire population. Most of these ten-elevenths were Wends, and amounted to 52,101. Of the remaining 5393 there were 1941 English, 924 Czechs, 575 French, 537 Poles, 509 Russians, 153 Magyars, 123 Italians, 100 Greeks, 96 Dutch 78 Danes, 64 Swedes, 58 Roumanians, 49 Spanish, 32 Norwegians, 23 Servian, 21 Hebrew, 18 Japan, 14 Slavisch (?), 10 Portuguese, 12 Finns, 9 Slavonic, 9 Slowenisch, 5 Flemish, 4 each of Lithuanian, Esthonian, and Armenian, 3 each of Croatian, Bulgarian, Turkish, Arabic, and Greenland, 2 Ladinisch, 1 each of Frisian, Slowakisch, Georgian, and Indian.

Henry Grinnell.—On the 30th of June died at New York, aged 75 years, Henry Grinnell, the first President of the American Geographical Society, and originator of the first expedition in search of Franklin. One of Mr. Grinnell's whalers saved the famous ship Resolute, for which Congress, in 1855, voted an appropriation of 40,000 dols. to the salvors, and then returned the ship to Great Britain. The ship had been adrift for three or four years in the Arctic seas, and was received by Queen Victoria herself on its arrival in England. Mr. Grinnell absolutely refused to accept his lawful share of the salvage. Another of Mr. Grinnell's memorable shipping adventures was that of the Euphrates. The Euphrates was built before the war of 1812 and was run up the river at New Bedford for the purpose of being scuttled, an English vessel being in pursuit. The Euphrates, however, lived to be burnt by the Shenandoah in the great war of the rebellion. Again, in 1844, Mr. Grinnell built the Henry Clay, which was named after his great friend and leader. The Henry Clay was burnt at her dock in New York a few years later. Mr. Grinnell took Henry Clay down to view the charred timbers, the figure-head, strange to say, being the only part of the vessel which the fire had not touched. "That is the best likeness of an ugly man I ever saw," was the only comment of the great Whig statesman. Mr. Grinnell was not only an intimate friend of Henry Clay, but also of Daniel Webster. These two great personal friends accompanied him on a visit to Hell Gate, when, in 1846, he was, at his own expense, blasting the famous Pot Rock. He reduced the surface of the rock from 4ft. to 10ft. below low water mark, spending a small fortune in the operation. Clay and Webster were both loud in their approbation, and told Mr. Grinnell that he was manufacturing the future water-ways of New York City. Mr. Grinnell was for 30 years a member of the great whale-ship firm now known as Grinnell, Minturn, and Co.

Coming Visitors.—We learn that the interesting person known as "Sullivan, the New Zealand murderer," had sailed for England, whose hospitable shores will no doubt welcome him, and whose admirable detective police will receive him, it is to be hoped, with a cordiality tempered by intelligent reserve. But as the "great Australian bushranger," by name Gardiner, has just now been let loose, and has also declared his intention (enlightened no doubt, by a diligent perusal of our newspapers) also to honour us with his presence, it may interest our readers, or at least those who have to traverse lonely streets in the dark nights of the ensuing winter, to learn the nature of the representation on which he is not only released but allowed to leave for England. The papers have been just laid before the Sydney Parliament, and the contents may be summed up thus: The prisoner, Francis Clark, *alias* Christie, *alias* Gardiner, has been three times convicted—viz., March 17, 1854, July 4, 1862, July 8, 1864—of horse stealing, robbery, and wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm; sentenced (in all) to 32 years' roads, the first two to be spent in irons. In a minute dated November 30, 1872, the late Chief Justice, Sir Alfred Stephen, stated in terms quite unmistakable, "That Gardiner had most unrighteously escaped hanging, particularly because three of his subordinates were executed for crimes perpetrated under his tuition." In this our readers will possibly agree. But Sir Hercules Robinson has on different evidence taken another view, and declares, "I have already decided to grant a conditional pardon at the termination of ten years' imprisonment.—H. R., 7-12-72." The nature of the evidence is not calculated to reassure timid people. The two sisters of Gardiner declare that "their brother is a reformed character." One physician has been found who says that he has "lost that peculiar ferocity which formerly characterised him;" and of two clergymen, one believes that "Gardiner deeply regrets his former life," and the other adds that "Gardiner's sisters train up their children in the fear of God."

Cruel Confinement.—The *Feuille d'Avis de Bienne* relates the following: "On Wednesday morning there arrived in passage at our station, the unfortunate Courtat of Alle, who was immured for a dozen years by wicked relatives but good Ultramontanes, unknown to all but those immediately concerned, in a frightful subterranean dungeon. Courtat is in such a pitiable condition that it is absolutely impossible to write it. Let us hope that justice will not spare those who will have to answer for this infamous cruelty."

Accidents in Lunatic Asylums.—Speaking of the accidents reported to them as having taken place in lunatic asylums in 1873, of which 15 ended in death and 32 were of a serious character, the Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland state that the accidents which occur in asylums show, when added together, a formidable list, which may be aptly quoted as illustrating the difficulties under which asylums are conducted, and the serious responsibilities which accompany their management. But as they have on former occasions pointed out, it may raise a doubt whether the aggregation of patients in asylums is not in itself the cause of many accidents. If it be maintained that but for the care and precautions taken in asylums deaths from violence and serious accidents would be far more numerous, the reply may be made that the aggregation of lunatics is a dangerous and unnatural system, which has only economy and convenience to recommend it. Fatal or serious attacks by lunatics out of asylums are comparatively rare; but when they do occur they at once attract public attention, and a legitimate demand is raised for the protection of the public by the removal of the offenders to asylums. But fatal or serious attacks in asylums attract comparatively little attention from the public. The fact of their frequent occurrence, however, remains; and the question how far they were unavoidable or were the result of the circumstances in which the patients were, perhaps unnecessarily placed, is one which is worthy of careful study.

Very Smart Dog.—The *Pictorial World* says: "W. A.," dating from Birmingham, writes to us as follows: "A few days ago a gentleman rode up one of our principal streets, followed by a splendid large dog, unmuzzled. He stopped opposite a certain shop, dismounted, and gave the reins of his horse in charge of the dog, while he went into the shop to make a purchase. The horse and dog appeared to understand each other perfectly; in fact, it was patent to the onlookers that they were quite accustomed to this kind of thing. But presently a policeman hove in sight, and he quickly disturbed the state of affairs; for he no sooner saw that the dog was unmuzzled than he commenced making advances towards him in a half-fondling, half-fearful manner. At length he insinuated himself sufficiently into the good graces of the superior animal (mark the sarcasm of our correspondent!) to get an opportunity of passing a rope through the ring on the dog's collar. Just at this moment the gentleman came out of the shop, and, seeing how matters stood, asked what was going to be done with his dog. 'Run 'im in,' says Robert. (Robert, slang for policeman.) 'What for,' asks the gentleman. 'Being at large,' replies Robert. 'Then you won't do it,' exclaims the gentleman. 'I shall,' retorts Robert. 'Very well,' says the gentleman, smiling, 'we shall see.' Then, addressing the dog, he said, 'Wait here awhile, Nero; I shall want you soon.' He then remounted, and drove off, much to the surprise of the orderly and interested spectators, who had already begun to bet on the chances of the event. By this time, however, another Robert had arrived upon the scene, and the two active and intelligents divided the rope between them, each having an end, and acknowledging mutually that he (the dog) was a 'tough beggar.' This incident caused the attention of the aforesaid orderly and interested audience to be momentarily transferred from the gentleman to the dog. But all at once a low whistle was heard in the distance, and the dog—who had had his eyes fixed on his master all the while—immediately recognised it, and with a bound he was free of his captors, careering after his master, with the rope ends flying like ribbons in the wind, and the two zealous officers lying ingloriously kissing the dust," where we will leave them.

Having it Out.—"The coolest affair ever known to our citizens" is described at some length by a correspondent in Texas, whose account, slightly abridged, is as follows: Mr. Harrington and his brother-in-law, Mr. Baggett, are two well-known and respected individuals, between whom an old family feud exists. One day Harrington went to the river to fish, left his rifle on the bank, but took a pistol with him to the water's hedge in case he caught an unmanageable prize. All at once he heard a noise behind him, and, looking up, saw Baggett standing over him with an oar upraised to strike, threatening to kill him. Harrington immediately fired his pistol, the ball lodging in the left shoulder of Baggett, who fell into the water. After floating around for some little time he begged Harrington to help him out "as he had already killed him." This Harrington consented to do, and after much hard work, succeeded in getting him upon the bank. Baggett then asked his obliging foe to run for the doctor, as he was dying. Harrington accordingly shouldered his shot-gun and set off running, when Baggett reached for his rifle, and exclaiming that he could not wait for the doctor, and that his adversary should not "get off so easy," fired, striking Harrington in the right side. Harrington responded by sending a load of shot into Baggett's arm, and then walked home and told his friends what had happened. Both gentlemen were soon in the hands of doctors, and, when last heard of, were both likely to recover, with "no more hard feeling between them than there is between rival pugilists."

Bismarck Wielding the Scythe.—The following tale is told of Prince Bismarck's doings at Kissengen: One day the Prince was proceeding on foot from the springs to the town, and was obliged to cross a meadow which was just being mowed. The Prince is, as is well known, owner of an estate himself, and takes great interest in agricultural affairs, so he commenced a conversation with the mowers, who did not recognise him, and at last requested one of them to give him a scythe, which he used with apparently great skill. The Bavarian peasants were astonished at this proof of skill on the part of a gentleman who appeared to them to belong to the upper classes, and expressed their admiration accordingly. As soon as the Prince had left off mowing the grass, one of the countrymen turned to him and remarked: "You seem to be a good farmer, sir, and can use a scythe better than I, who have worked with one for more than 40 years." "Well, my dear fellow," replied Bismarck, "one gets acquainted with many things in one's life, and what I do I like to do properly." The Prince now took leave of the people, shaking hands with the man who had lent him the scythe, and congratulating all on the prospect of a good harvest which lay before them. The Chancellor was hardly out of sight of the poor peasants, when a stranger, who had watched the scene very attentively, came up to the latter and asked them if they had any idea with whom they had spoken. "No," replied the lender of the scythe, "but, at any rate, he seems to be a good farmer, to me at least, and I ought to be a judge." "Well," replied the stranger, "he is no less a person than Prince Bismarck." "What!" exclaimed the peasant, bewildered with the information; "it was he who used my scythe. Then I would not part with it for any money." Saying this, he looked at his implement of husbandry as tenderly as a mother her child. So one sees that the Bavarian peasants have more esteem and a greater liking for Bismarck than the Ultramontane journals wish to make one believe. But few hours after the event it was known, of course, throughout the watering-place, and everybody, and more especially the Englishmen resident here, proceeded to see the spot and scythe, and to converse with the happy owner of the latter. The Englishmen were desirous of buying the scythe which had become such an interesting object, and were overbidding one another in their offers to the peasant; but he refused to part with it, saying in his broad Bavarian dialect, "It is a treasure to me now, and keep it I will; but everybody may see it." The field has been christened "Bismarck's Field," and it is possible that next year we may find a bronze monument of Bismarck with a scythe in his hand on this same field, just as we find one of the Emperor Joseph guiding the plough in Moravia.

Destroying Stray Dogs.—The New York papers give an account of a new system which has been adopted for the purpose of getting rid of stray dogs that have been brought to the pound. A large tank is prepared and filled with carbonic acid gas before the dogs are put into it, so that they may be rendered insensible as soon as they are dropped in. By placing a lighted candle in the tank it is ascertained whether the receptacle is full, as in that case the light is extinguished. The old method of exhausting the air after the dogs had been placed in the tank, and introducing about half the quantity of gas necessary to fill the tank, effected a much slower and more cruel death. It was owing to this process that Captain Marriott, the pound-master, has been tried at the Jefferson Market Court for violating the law against cruelty to animals, and in the course of the evidence in the case it was stated that it took half-an-hour to put all the dogs in, that the poor animals were piled up one on the other, that for eleven minutes they could be heard howling piteously, and that it was then more than an hour before all signs of life disappeared. Judgment in the case was suspended, and in the meanwhile two hundred dogs were to be put to death by the new and more humane process.

Death from Fear in a Dissecting Room.—"*Toute verité n'est pas bonne a dire*," is a useful proverb which, to the credit, perhaps, of our national candour, possesses no exact equivalent in English. Whether the Russian language is equally unfavourable to the sentiment we cannot undertake to say; but, at all events, a distressing occurrence is reported from Moscow by the *Russian World*, which arose from too blunt an announcement of a truth. A fire took place in the Pressnenski quarter of the city, from the midst of which a sleeping inmate of a burning house was rescued in a state of apparent suffocation. Some recommended his being conveyed to the police-station, where means of restoration might be tried, but this sensible advice was overruled. The local medical authority pronounced the man to be dead, and ordered him to be taken to the Anatomical Theatre for dissection. He had, accordingly, reposed for some time on the dissecting-table of this establishment when he recovered consciousness, and, looking round in astonishment, exclaimed, "Where am I?" "You are in the Anatomical Theatre," thoughtlessly replied a half-drunken watcher, who happened to be standing by. "Then they will begin to cut me up!" cried the terrified sufferer, who, overpowered by physical weakness and horrible anticipations, once more fell back insensible, and this time never recovered. The strangest part of this story is the immediate transference of the victim of an accident to the dissecting-room—surely an abnormal fact in any civilised capital.

The Biggest Baby in the World.—The monster "infant" now being turned out at Woolwich will, when finished, be greater than twice the size of the largest gun in existence, and its destructive powers at fighting range equally proportionate. We learn that with a 16in. projectile, weighing 1650lbs. and a maximum charge of 300lb. of powder, it will pierce the best iron plates, 20in. thick, at 500 yards, 16in. plates at 5300 yards, and will pitch a 16in. shell into a ship or fortress at a distance of 10,300 yards. The steel block forming the inner tube was the largest ever cast, weighing over 12 tons; whilst the trunnion piece, about 18 tons, was the largest forging ever produced at the arsenal. The actual cost of this fearful engine of war will, we learn, not fall far short of £8500. One good straight hit from this "infant" ought to settle an average war.

Slaughter of the Sea Serpent.—Everybody will be interested, if not glad to hear, says one of our contemporaries, that the sea serpent has not only been seen, but actually killed in the Republican river, near Scandia, in Kansas, United States. Full particulars of the death of this formidable creature are given in a letter from a correspondent of the *Atchison Champion*, written from Belleville, Kansas. The serpent, it seems, was first seen by the toll-keeper on a bridge floating like "a huge black log" on the water. Its head, when lifted above the surface, disclosed a glittering row of teeth that sent a thrill through the nerves of a large crowd on the bridge which assembled on hearing of the unusual spectacle both banks of the river were speedily thronged by an excited multitude armed with guns, clubs, and stones, bent on the destruction of the monster. Several shots were fired at him, some of which evidently hit him and made him excessibly irritable in temper, for he began to lash the water furiously with his enormous tail, and to emit from his throat as he reared his head a prolonged hiss of fury resembling the sound of a steam whistle. The serpent would probably have escaped but for the happy thought of a Mr. A. P. Smith, who arrived hastily on the scene with a fire extinguisher primed with sulphuric acid and other chemicals. This machine was aimed at the open jaws of the monster by Mr. Birchfield (Mr. Smith's assistant), and a tremendous dose of the mixture was discharged "squarely" into his throat. The effect was instantaneous. The serpent bounded from the water, and after performing "a double flying trapeze" in the air, plunged madly to the bottom of the river. He performed this feat several times, and finally making "a straight shoot up stream," disappeared from the sight of the awe-stricken beholders. It was thought that the creature had taken its departure for ever, but a few days later its carcase came slowly floating down stream, and was dragged out upon the shore, where it became an object of curiosity to thousands. It was perforated by no fewer than nineteen rifle and duck shots, but there is no doubt that the cause of its death was the dose from the fire extinguisher. The serpent measures 26ft. 3in. from nose to tail. Its greatest circumference is 21 inches, its head is three feet long, and its jaws have a double row of fangs—36 in all. Its body, which is of a dirty brown colour, is covered with scales, and its tail flattened out like that of a beaver.

Horrible Torturing of Animals.—The following report has been presented to the President of the Florentine Society for the Prevention of Cruelty of Animals, by the Commission appointed by that Society to visit the laboratory of Professor Schiff. It is dated Florence, June 17, 1874, and is signed by Signor Pontanar (Chief Inspector for the Society), Mr. Horace V. Tharp, Miss B. M. Light, and Dr. Vittorio Grazi: "We entered the premises unexpectedly at eleven a.m., and asked for the professor, who accompanied us throughout our visit. In the first room we found an attendant cleaning away the stains of blood from a dog on which an experiment had just been performed, and which the professor told us he had killed. On requesting him to show us the dead animal he sought to divert us from our wish with a multitude of words, but on our insisting he, after a little delay, said, 'Come by all means,' and opening a door leading into a room with two exits, he told us the dog had been removed and was no longer there. On our return to the yard below, Mr. Tharp and I saw a large poodle, with a wide, open wound under the throat. At my suggestion, we made an attempt to obtain a closer view of him, but the dog was so terrified that we failed. Our attention was then attracted to other dogs, whereof the greater number had wide open wounds under their throats. On asking the object of this barbarous practice the professor confessed that the incisions were made by him to prevent the animals from howling and disturbing the neighbourhood. Continuing our inspection, we noticed a little dog tied up, quite blind, and in reply to our inquiry why it was not killed, we were told that it was kept for vivisection. Near the door leading into the garden we found a number of dogs tied up in couples, some with wounds and some sound. We noticed one hardly able to stand, caused (we were told) by illness. On asking the professor why it was kept alive, he made no reply, and changed the subject. We saw numbers of fowls, pigeons, and rabbits, but made no inquires about them; and by this time our feelings were such that we at once left the place."

The Travels of an Old Miner.—The deepest mine in Cornwall is Dolcoath, now about 360 fathoms or 720 yards from the surface. The workmen descend and ascend by means of man engines, and Capt. Josiah Thomas, the manager, as an illustration of the healthy condition of the workings, states that one man has been working in the mine for 40 years. During all that time he has lived at Connor Downs, a distance of five miles from the mine, so that he has been walking ten miles per day in addition to his labour, and a calculation which Captain Thomas has made shows that this man has, during his forty years' work, walked 120,000 miles, which is equal to a journey five times round the earth, or half the distance to the moon.

Atrocious Cruelty of a Ship Captain.—It may be that, notwithstanding the almost universal increase of civilisation since the period described by the author of "Snarleyyow," the ocean still bears upon its bosom floating dens of cruelty and squalor like that so ably described by Marryat in his popular romance. Such appears to have been the Portuguese vessel Joven Elisa, the captain of which was lately arrested at Antwerp for alleged acts of atrocious cruelty committed in that harbour. The following details of the occurrence are given by a correspondent. One morning the captain, being out of humour, sent for the ship's cook, and under the pretext that the provisions were badly cooked, kicked and beat him till he was tired, then assembled the crew and bade them to continue to punish their shipmate. The men, through fear of the captain, obeyed this barbarous command, fell upon the unhappy man, beat him for a quarter of an hour more, and finally locked him up in a cabin. A few minutes later the captain brought him out and told him to go to his duties, but the terrified cook sprang past his late tormentors, and threw himself into the sea. Then ensued a scene unparalleled in a civilised country. The drowning man called for help, and two boats put off to his rescue, but the Portuguese captain and crew, it is stated, kept them off by furious threats and gestures till the victim of their cruelty was actually drowned within sight of pitying eyes, and close to a friendly shore. The captain has, with the consent of the Portuguese consul, been taken into custody by the Belgian police.

The Ascent of Mont Blanc.—The ascent of Mont Blanc (says Mr. G. King) may be divided into two sections—from Chamouni to the Grands Mulets and from the Grands Mulets to the summit. The Grands Mulets are some sharp rocks at the elevation of about 10,000 feet, surrounded by ice and snow. On them is built a little hut, which of late years has attained to the dignity of an hotel, and it is usual to ascend to this point—about seven hours from Chamouni—on one day, and to complete the expedition on the next. To reach the Grands Mulets, the Glacier des Bossons and part of the Glacier de Taconay must be traversed for about three and a half hours, and this year almost the whole difficulty of the undertaking is here concentrated. The crevasses are innumerable, intersecting each other in every direction, and the snow bridges are so rotten as to render the passage often critical. I inquired of many of the guides and other inhabitants of Chamouni, and they never before knew this portion of the ascent to be so difficult, and to the inexperienced so dangerous; and a mountaineer I met in the Hotel des Alpes, who had been several times to the Grands Mulets in previous years, and who this year went up a day or two after myself, said that since his last visit the features of the district had entirely changed. To go up in the early morning, when the snow is comparatively firm, does not require more than average skill; but to come down when fatigued after a long day, and in the afternoon, with the snow at its worst, is quite a different thing. A word of warning will, therefore, not come amiss. It is astonishing in what an off-hand way an excursion to the Grands Mulets is discussed by many in the hotels. The whole course is seen from the windows, and to the ignorant it appears short and easy. One party consulted me on the advisability of undertaking it, among whom were two ladies who had never set foot on ice before. They seemed, moreover, to expect me to confirm them in their opinion that it was a pleasant morning's stroll. A friend happened afterwards accidentally to meet their intended guide, and discovered that he had actually agreed to conduct them, and was disappointed that I had been the means of losing him the engagement. If there are many tourists so simple-minded, and guides so willing to oblige them—and I fear there are not a few—we shall hear of some terrible catastrophe before the Alpine season closes. I would be the last to try to dissuade any one from exploring the ice world, but I earnestly advise the beginner to make first a few comparatively easy excursions, and if he succeed well with these he will be ready for more serious ventures. A trip to the "Jardin," or the Mer de Glace, for instance, involving about 11 hours of rock and ice work, will be a very good commencement. He will learn more and enjoy more thus than by plunging suddenly into the midst of a very difficult glacier, where stupid bewilderment will take the place of intelligent observation and exertion.

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CHAPTER IX.

ALONE WITH GODFREY DARWIN.

"Marian! why, Godfrey, here's Marian!" exclaimed Letty, joyfully, as she threw aside her work, and started up to welcome her sister. "But how pale you look, child! You are doing too much at Mrs. Lacey's; I am sure you are. Why will you make a slave of yourself for an indolent woman who is nothing to you?"

"Better wear out than rust out," Marian answered with forced gaiety; "besides, I am very well; it is heat, I suppose, that robs me of my colour. Godfrey"—she could not prevent her voice sinking and growing tremulous now—"I have a message for you."

She had not approached the window at which Mr. Darwin was sitting, and, though compelled to turn in that direction while addressing him, his eyes were averted, and her hand that would have been offered so frankly in the old times was busy with the clasps of her mantle.

That he perceived her agitation she felt rather than saw; and a conviction that he was keenly if not suspiciously watching her did not tend to restore her composure.

Letty, who saw nothing amiss, gently pushed her sister towards Mr. Darwin.

"Go, love, and sit down in Godfrey's shady corner; and don't fancy that we shall let you run away from us till after dinner. I'll run and ask cook if there is anything you like."

As she left the room Marian reluctantly drew nearer the window and sat down.

"A message for me," Mr. Darwin echoed, laying aside his newspaper. "From whom?"

She repeated Colonel Lacey's request, and then, receiving no reply, she raised her eyes to his face for the first time.

He was lying back in his chair with the same ghastly hue stealing over his features that she had seen them wear once, and but once before. As soon as he saw her terrified glance he made a great effort and recovered himself.

"Don't be frightened; its only a spasm of the heart that I have been subject to lately. You need not mention it to Letty. What was it you were asking me?"

While she tremulously repeated her words, he put his elbows on the table, and leaned his forehead on his hands, as if still suffering intense pain.

"Mr. Moncton's address? Oh, yes, certainly, as soon as I know it myself; but the last letter I received was to warn me that he intended travelling by easy stages to the coast, where he would embark for England. You'll make Colonel Lacey thoroughly comprehend this, Marian? How is the Colonel? *Is he likely to live much longer?*"

As he asked this strange question his voice sank to a whisper, and, half rising, he leaned across the table till their eyes met. There was something lurking in the depths of his that made the blood grow cold in Marian's veins, and she shrank from him with horror and aversion, which she had no longer presence of mind to conceal.

Her looks recalled him to himself, and he rose, saying, "I think I must go and lie down till this spasm passes away. Tell Letty not to be uneasy; I shall be all right again presently."

She did not answer, for the pretence of indisposition was so transparent that it would have been hypocritical to profess regret. Quitting her seat, she moved on one side to let him pass, but pausing directly in front of her he held out his hand—that supple, well-shaped hand she had learned to shrink from as a murderer's.

She made no movement to take it, and Mr. Darwin asked, "What does this mean? Do you blame me for Percy's departure? Was it my fault you quarrelled with and drove him away?"

"I have never brought any accusation against you," was all Marian could say.

"Perhaps not; but neither have you trusted me, nor even Letty, with your reasons for such an incomprehensible proceeding. Was it only a girl's caprice? No, I see that it was not; then you had some hidden motive for breaking off with him. What was it? I insist upon knowing!"

As she did not answer he was about to grasp her arm and draw her towards him, but she shrank from coming into personal contact with Godfrey Darwin, and shuddering and sharply drawing herself away, gasped out, "Don't touch me! oh, don't touch me!"

There was a momentary pause, and then the hand she vainly sought to avoid fell heavily on her shoulder, and he spoke in low threatening accents.

"I don't know why it should be so, Marian, but something tells me that you are my enemy. Take care how you try to injure me, directly or indirectly, for I am well able to take care of myself, and every blow you aim at me will rebound on Letty. If anything happened to me it would kill her, remember that."

He walked swiftly away, and when Mrs. Darwin came back she found Marian alone and weeping as she had never seen her weep before. But she asked no troublesome questions, for she had caught a glimpse on the stairs of her husband's frowning face, and drawn her own deductions from it.

Whatever, therefore, she thought about these violent sobs and tears, or the tender, pitiful caresses lavished upon herself, she was mute, for she had begun to search more deeply than before, into the cause of the alteration she beheld in her once gay and careless sister. Only when Marian began to falter something about being overcome by the sultriness of the weather she uttered a peremptory "Hush, dear!" as if she could not endure to listen to the false excuse.

When sufficiently composed, Marian expressed a wish to return to Mrs. Lacey's at once; Letty raised no objection; and though the sisters clung to each other in a long, loving embrace, they parted with none of those promises of meeting speedily again, which Mrs. Darwin had been accustomed to exact.

CHAPTER X.

AN AWKWARD POSITION.

The autumn came and went without bringing much change in the aspect of those lives whose story we tell. Colonel Lacey continued to lie in the same precarious state, dependent upon his attached servant and Marian Esmond for those thoughtful attentions, without which his days must have become an intolerable burthen. Mrs. Darwin had joined a sisterhood newly instituted in Meadsley, herself the most zealous and indefatigable of them all; and Mr. Darwin went about his business as usual, winning golden opinions of all men and more sought after and looked up to than ever, now that Mr. Harris, who had fallen into ill-health, had virtually given up all interference with the working of the firm.

Of Percy Balfour and his present position, a rumour had reached Meadsley that he had obtained an excellent situation in a Government office, through the influence of one of the county members. No one but Marian Esmond appeared to suspect that he still retained an interest in Meadsley; but on more than one occasion, as she was on her way from evening service, she had seen a tall figure standing beneath the elm trees in the fields adjoining the churchyard; and though he carefully avoided recognition, her aching heart told her that it was Percy.

Was she glad or sorry that her image still dwelt in his thoughts? Yes, and no. There were moments when she tried to forget the happy hours of the past, and even fancied that she could be thankful to hear that he was married to some more fortunate woman. But more frequently her prayers—that they might grow so far reconciled to the inevitable as to be able to meet as friends—would end in passionate tears and regrets, that the crime of another had parted them.

As the autumn waned, Mrs. Lacey began to complain of aches and pains, and evince a degree of languor unusual even in this ease-loving lady. At first but little notice was taken of her ailments, for she spoke of them lightly and refused to have advice; but suddenly her illness assumed an alarming form, and Mrs. Darwin came to assist Marian in nursing her.

Not all their cares were of any avail. The doctors had looked grave from the first, but she died as she had lived, without much uneasiness respecting the future of her children.

"They would not miss *her* much; Marian was so good to them," she murmured, when the rector broached the subject of their guardianship. "Marian would take care of the poor darlings, and manage them far better than she had ever done;" and actuated by this belief she stipulated in her will that they should remain in Miss Esmond's charge, and Marian accepted the trust without a thought of the responsibilities it involved, and went through her regular duties as usual—giving, perhaps, a little more time to the Colonel and more tender caresses to the orphans—till Mrs. Darwin, a few days after the funeral, awakened her to the changes Mrs. Lacey's death necessitates.

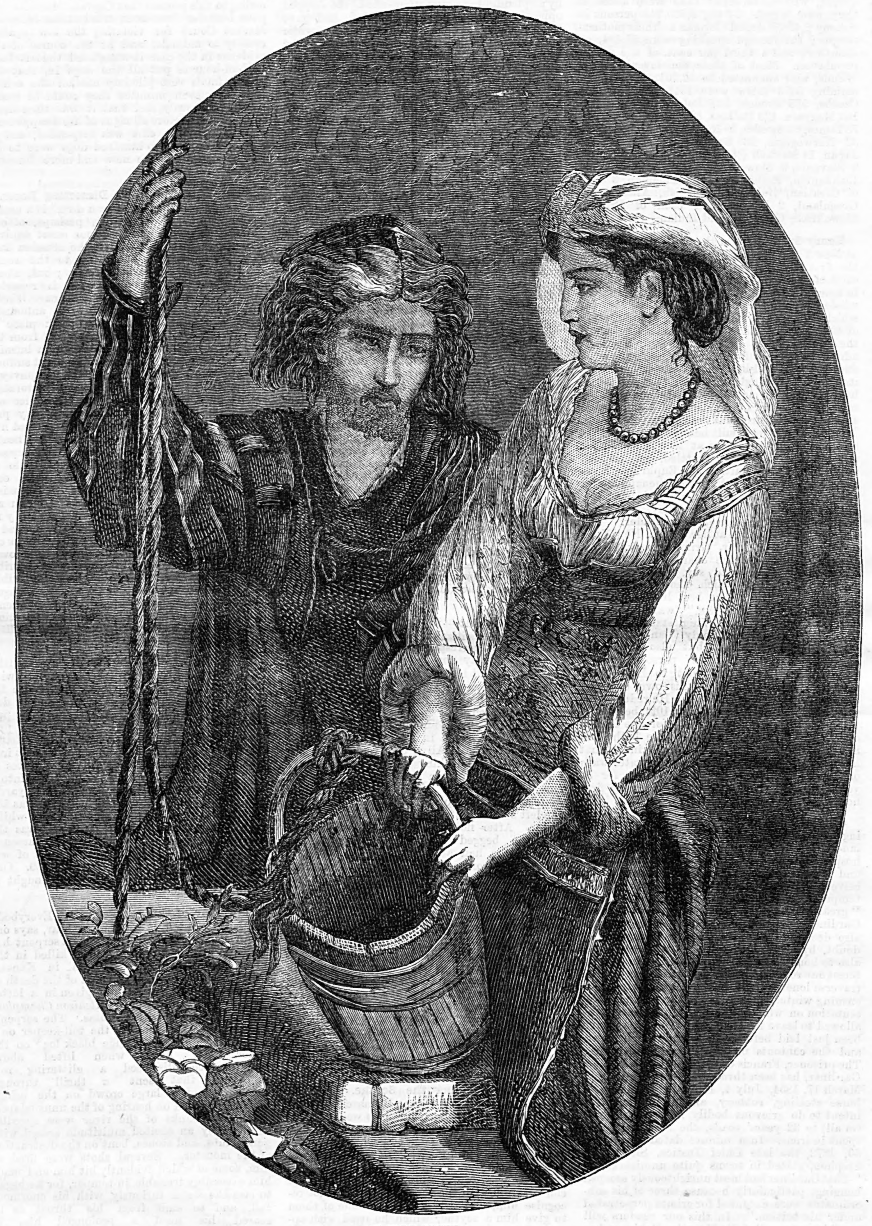
"I have been speaking to Godfrey about your bringing these poor children home with you, Marian dear, and he is quite willing that it should be so. The room next to your own shall be fitted up for them, so that they will, be as entirely under your own eye as they are here.'

"This is their home," was the hasty reply. "I shall not take them from it."

Mrs. Darwin looked surprised and hurt at her ungracious manner, but mildly observed, "You forget; it is their's no longer. The landed property was Mrs. Lacey's only for life; it is now her brother-in-law's."

"It makes no difference to the poor children," said Marian; "they will inherit it from the Colonel."

"But it makes a great difference to you, my dear. You cannot live under the roof of an unmarried gentleman."



AT THE WELL.

"But the rules of etiquette scarcely apply in this case, Letty. Colonel Lacey is a dying man, and he has become so accustomed to my attentions that I scarcely know how he would get on without them."

"He has his servant; he can afford a nurse, or two if he requires them; and really, Marian, it is time you came away. It has been hinted to me more than once, that if you have a vocation for nursing the sick, it would be more creditable to you to join our sisterhood than waste so much of your health and energies on persons wealthy enough to do without you. Only yesterday Mrs. Harris told me that she heard you had been well paid for your care of Mrs. Lacey; and she smiled quite rudely when I tried to make her believe that your only legacy was a few favourite ornaments."

A little while ago this revelation of the opinions of the Meadsley gossips would have elicited from Marian a burst of indignation, but now she scarcely heard it, for her thoughts were busied with a more perplexing subject. Letty regarded it as a matter of course that her sister should return home, but this she was resolutely determined not to do. Nothing should tempt her to reside again in the house of Godfrey Darwin. But how to word her refusal, or what arrangements to make with regard to her little wards, she did not know, and it was impossible to ask counsel from Letty.

To whom should she turn in this dilemma? Harrassed beyond measure, she sat revolving various plans, while Mrs. Darwin, who looked upon the affair as settled, talked to the children of the long visit they were going to make at her house; of the large garden where they could play whenever they liked, and the pretty room adjoining Miss Esmonds that they were to occupy.

"It will be very nice," said Nina Lacey, "and I don't care to stay here, now that poor mamma has gone away; but where will you put Uncle, Mrs. Darwin? We can't leave him behind, can we?"

The child's mention of Colonel Lacey's name gave a fresh current to Marian's thoughts. Although she knew him best as a querulous invalid engrossed in his own requirements, and less affected by Mrs. Lacey's death than the disturbance it had created in the household, she believed him to be both shrewd and well-meaning. To him she resolved to apply for advice, respecting her future. He might be able to suggest some arrangement, or agree to a plan by which the onus of her charge would be partly lifted from her shoulders—such as placing the children in some school where her own services would be accepted as an equivalent for her board. If in a position to assure Mr. and Mrs. Darwin that the Colonel sanctioned this, she would be better able to set aside any objections they might offer.

Mrs. Darwin now intimated her intention of going home to prepare for the reception of her guests, whom she warned to be quiet on their parting, as she should come "early" on the following day to fetch them.

But here Marian interposed,

"Not to-morrow, Letty. I cannot be hurried in this manner. I have not yet decided what I ought or ought not to do."

"Are not you a little self-willed," asked her sister, "to wish to remain here after I have pointed out the impropriety of your doing so? Indeed, Marian dear, I must insist upon your coming home in the morning. Whatever packing you have not leisure to finish, the servants can attend to."

With these words, spoken with a decision she seldom exercised, Mrs. Darwin went away, and Marian waited as patiently as she could till the hour came round at which the Colonel always expected her.

He seemed worse than usual when she sat down by his couch to which he was an almost hopeless prisoner; and the first ten minutes were taken up with listening to his complaints. But when these were exhausted, and, soothed by her never-failing sympathy, he had lain back on his pillows, she broached the subject of her proposed removal.

He listened attentively. "I have been expecting to hear this for some days past. Mrs. Darwin naturally desires to have you with her; but——" and a deep sigh smote on Marian's ear; "but I shall miss you dreadfully, Miss Esmond. I believe that your kindness has kept me alive. You shake your head; but it is true. How could I have survived the wearing tedium of ceaseless pain and loneliness, if *no* friendly face had ever looked in upon me—no thoughtful woman tried to make me forget myself now and then?"

It was the first time Colonel Lacey had ever so openly expressed his sense of her compassionate attentions, for he was ordinarily a man of few words, and Marian, touched by the deep feeling with which he spoke, could only utter a hope that some one or other would take her place.

"Impossible. I know no one in Meadsley, nor could I endure the presence of a stranger. But, after all, what signifies? I cannot last much longer, and it is better to die unlamented than to be obliged to think that some one will be plunged into deep grief at one's decease. You will bring the poor little girls to see me sometimes, will you not?"

For a few moments Marian sat without replying, then frankly told him how distasteful it was to her of returning to Mr. Darwin's.

He looked surprised.

"I thought you were on excellent terms with your relations."

"We have not quarrelled," she answered. "Letty and I love each other dearly, yet——"

Finding that she did not seem inclined to go on, the Colonel inquired, "Are you quite independent of Mr. Darwin? Excuse me if the question sounds impertinent."

Marian answered the query with a grave negative, "I believe I owe my education wholly to Godfrey's generosity. Letty and I were orphaned at an early age, and left to his care. He was my father's intimate friend."

"I begin to comprehend your difficulties," the Colonel observed. "You are not willing to be under any further obligation to Mr. Darwin, and the Meadsley tattlers will not let you stay here, now we have lost poor Amelia. I have learned as much from Wilson."

A flush mounted to Marian's brow as she heard this, and she rose to leave him, feeling that under these circumstances it would be too painful to consult him, as she had intended doing; but, signing to her to resume her seat, he went on:

"I have said to myself that Amelia was not justified in forcing her children upon your care; that it was the foolish will of a selfish woman. But remember that I only take a one-sided view of the case when I say this, for, as far as the little girls are concerned, she did well. She recognised that your tenderness for them is better regulated than her own would ever have been."

"Do not comment so harshly on Mrs. Lacey's wishes, but remember that I cheerfully accepted the trust," said Marian, with gentle earnestness. "And, now, may I tell you a plan I have been forming?"

He nodded assent, and listened with profound attention while she set before him the educational advantages a boarding school offered for the children, without an entire separation from herself; but he closed his eyes when she paused, and though she knew, from the measured tapping of his thin fingers on the coverlet, that he was not sleeping, he remained silent so long that she could scarcely restrain her impatience.

At last he turned his face towards her.

"Miss Esmond, may I speak to you freely? Speak, I mean, as an elder brother would to his young sister."

This unexpected preface startled her, and for a moment she dreaded to hear that he knew, or suspected something; but rallying her sinking spirits she answered, "If it concerns me only, pray do so."

"I remember to have heard something from Amelia of a deferred engagement with a gentleman to whom I must be distantly related. I mean Mr. Balfour. Am I going too far in asking if this is correct?"

So wholly unlooked for had been his mention of Percy, that Marian could not collect herself to reply, and he added, "If I understood my sister-in-law rightly, the marriage was postponed because Mr. Balfour was not in a position to claim you."

But now she felt constrained to speak.

"You were misinformed; the engagement was not deferred, but broken off. Mr. Balfour and I are not, and never can be, more than friends."

But the pang it cost her to say this made her sorrowfully aware that she was not reconciled even now to their separation.

Again Colonel Lacey sank into a reverie, and Marian forgot him and all her troubles and vexations of the present, in the reminiscences his inquiries had evoked. It seemed but yesterday that she was a happy child, startled into womanhood by Percy Balfour's rapt glances, as they sat with Letty under the tulip tree on Miss Moncton's lawn.

So absorbed had she become that the touch of Colonel Lacey's hand on her arm startled her.

"Miss Esmond, the assurance you have just given me sets me at liberty to discuss my own wishes, and if you should think them extremely selfish ones, recollect what a helpless solitary creature illness and my long absence from England have made me. Surely I may be forgiven for craving to have one pitying face beside my pillow when I die."

He saw her puzzled glance and exclaimed, "Do you not understand me? Do you not see that I want you to be my wife?"

His wife!—any one's wife but Percy's! Involuntarily she started to her feet and shook off his feeble touch.

"It is as I feared," he sighed; "you think me too exacting when I ask you to be mine, even though it would only be for a few short weeks at furthest."

Marian's agitation was too great for speech; and with a look of indescribable sadness stealing over his wan face, he turned it to the wall. She did not go away as he expected she would, but stood looking down upon him, deeply regretting the repellent movement that had inflicted so much distress; and yet how could he think that she, whom Percy had loved, would give herself to another?

Then these feelings of surprise passed away to give place to kindlier ones. He had truly said that when she was gone there would be no one to care for his comforts, or compassionate his suffering. We can all be sympathising enough when a sharp, short malady attacks any one with whom we are connected; but it is the long-wearing illness—the days and weeks so sadly like each other—and the querulous plaints of the wearied invalid that try the most patient; and yet are the very last cases that should be made over to the paid nurse—the indifferent hireling. It was but natural that Colonel Lacey should endeavour to retain at his side the only person who had testified a real interest in him, and Marian relented more and more towards the unfortunate man.

She bent over him, and he looked up. There was a desolate expression in his hollow eyes that she could not see without a desire to banish it.

"Colonel Lacey, I was wholly unprepared for what you have been saying, and so I fear that I have seemed unkind, and even ungrateful. I do not think I shall ever marry, though I would do anything in my power to serve you."

"And yet we both know that it would not be for long," he answered, with that utter hopelessness so terrible to hear, especially when it would have been hypocrisy to contradict him. "You are quite right, though, in shrinking from such a sacrifice. I was mad to propose it; neither do I suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Darwin would consent to such an union."

As if in mockery of himself, he lifted Marian's passive hand and laid it on the coverlid beside his own wasted one; then drew her attention to the contrast with a dreary attempt at a smile that affected her deeply.

She resumed her seat with a distressed air. "I wish you had not spoken of this. I came to you hopeful of receiving disinterested counsel, and now——"

"And now you have found me prompt to take advantage of your perplexities by pleading for myself. Yet, remember that I did not do this till you convinced me that I could not serve you in another way."

There was a short silence, and then he spoke again.

"After all, Miss Esmond, it is not so much that I am asking. I might be a tax upon you for a few weeks to come, but when the end came you would be your own mistress; free to live where you pleased; well dowered and happy in the knowledge that you had solaced and supported me in my last hours."

While she hesitated how to answer him, he added, "Don't decide now, for pity's sake, don't! but listen to what I propose. A change would do the children good and you also. Will you take them to some watering-place for a fortnight, and tell me what you have resolved upon when you return?"

Marian's eyes glistened at the proposal. Anything would be better than going to Mr. Darwin's on the morrow, and this arrangement would give her time for thought. She was about to utter a thankful assent, when a fresh thought made her hesitate and look doubtfully at the colonel.

"It would not be right to keep you in suspense, especially as I do not think I can ever agree to your proposal."

"I will risk that; at the worst I am but as I am, and I'll hope. You'll not refuse to let me do that?"

"I must speak to Letty," Marian mused.

"About your trip to Norgate? Certainly; tell her I wish it, and ask her to accompany you. But you will not let her influence you as regards your decision?"

"Neither for nor against," she answered, firmly.

With this assurance he looked satisfied, and she left him.

Inexpressibly thankful to be able to delay paining Letty by her confession that she never intended returning to Godfrey Darwin, Marian despatched a note to her sister, acquainting her with Colonel Lacey's suggestion, and begging her to agree to it.

At first Letty declared it would be as impossible for her to leave Meadsley as to permit Marian and her little charges to visit a watering-place without her. But, after an interchange of messages, and a consultation with her husband, she wavered, and finally transferring all her charitable business to a zealous coadjutor, expressed herself willing to make the effort.

The children heard this with delight; and Marian's few preparations were so speedily made, that Mrs. Darwin was startled to find how soon she had been transferred from her quiet sitting-room in Meadsley High-street to apartments on the rocky esplanade of a fashionable Sussex village. It was a tranquil fortnight for the sisters. Marian, fatigued both mentally and bodily, was content to loiter beside the waves, or sit on the sea-beach in a dreamy lethargy, from which the past was resolutely excluded; while the children dug for shells, or made sand houses, and, in forming acquaintance with other juveniles, forgot to grieve for poor mamma.

Mrs. Darwin too, lost something of that indefinable dread lurking in her eyes, and the anxious expression that marred her otherwise pleasant features softened into resignation. It was rest unutterable to sit on the sea shore at the foot of the high cliff that shut out for a time the thought of Meadsley and all the carks and cares that tortured her in the handsome house in the High-street of which so many of her friends envied her the possession.

During those calm days the sisters were insensibly drawn together, and their affection strengthened. It did not become more demonstrative, but the kiss at meeting in the morning, and the lingering clasp of hands at night were different to what they had been; but Mrs. Darwin sighed as she recognised this, for she knew that all the happy girlhood must have faded out of the heart that had learned to sympathise so tenderly with hers.

(To be continued.)

THE
Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Lily of Cloudesley Vale," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE DARK DEED BY THE SILENT POOL.

> "There was a manhood in his look
> That murder could not kill."
>
> —*Hood.*

And where was Philip during the time the lovers were traversing the lawns and paths of Ashleigh Grange? He was still seated in the private parlour of the Ashleigh Arms—going over again in his mind that scene in the library in which he had that day been the most prominent actor.

It was the one thought of his heart, the good impulse that brought a moisture to his eye. The reflection put into words was for ever on his tongue; and he never in all his life spoke with such deep feelings when this sentiment burst from his lips.

"Not for myself," he kept repeating. "Heaven can bear me witness I care not for wealth, but Netty and my baby. If I could have but kept the secret—if I had been permitted to have taken her from the hot dusty city, and carried her within sight of the emerald sea, what would I not have given? To see the colour rising on her cheek, the old brightnesss in her pretty eyes. "Netty, Netty," he wailed; "my girl love, my dear wife."

He drank off another dram of brandy, and shivered as he felt its effect on his racing blood and quickly-beating pulse.

He rose unsteadily, and took his hat from the sideboard.

"Wilkins," he called to the landlord.

"What is it, sir?" asked the host, in a kind respectful manner.

"Fill me this flask with brandy, will you?" Philip answered.

Mine host did so, and brought it out, screwing on the top as he came.

"Good-bye," murmured Philip, rather absently.

"God bless you," responded the landlord fervently; "are you going for a little stretch, Mr. Philip?"

"Yes," he replied, with a ghastly smile; "for a walk through the woods, Wilkins—a stroll through the old place—may be for the last time," he continued, looking straight before him with dim and misty eyes.

He put out his hand with a forced smile, and the landlord grasped it heartily.

"I shall set up for you, Mr. Philip, if you are late," he said, cheerfully; "good-bye, sir."

Philip laughed softly, and with hands clasped behind him, moved away, and presently was lost to sight—following the very track over which Mr. Nat Rolla had passed a short time since, and who, too, had been lost to sight in the gloom of the woods.

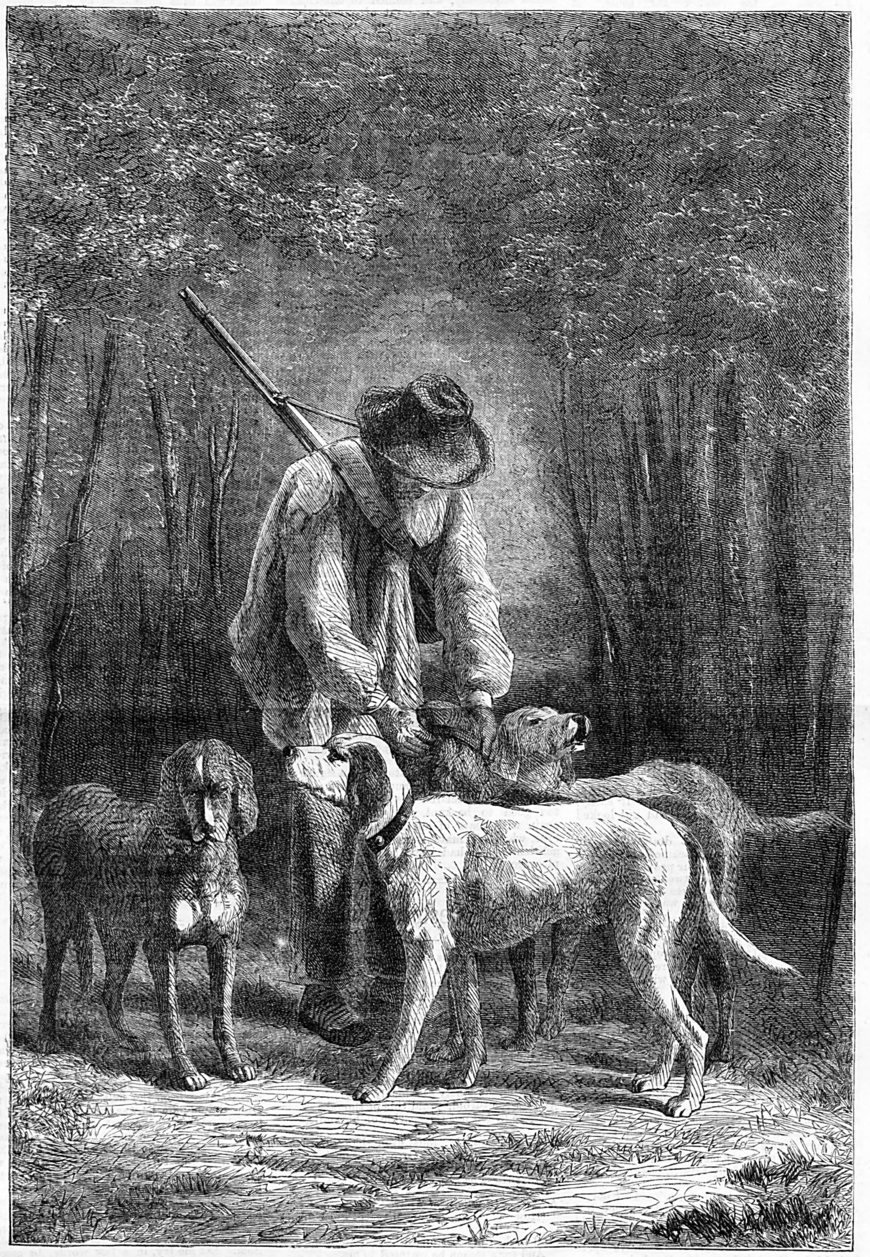
Great bars of reddish yellow light lay on the path as Reginald stooped and possessed himself of the stick he had come to reclaim.

The holly seemed almost to glow again in the bright colour that fell athwart the spiked leaves.

He stood for a moment in listening attitude.

No sound could be heard now but the gentle soughing of the wind as it swept through the branches and played with the leaves.

"Married!" he ejaculated suddenly, "and to such a woman. Great heavens, what is to be the end of it all?"



DOGS AND THEIR KEEPER.

He moved forward as he spoke thus his thoughts in soliloquy, parting the hedgerow, and stepping forward to the margin of a pool now shining and gleaming in every tiny wavelet that rose upon the water.

Black as midnight, save where the light touched its surface, famous for carp and eels, the deep and treacherous pool lay before him calm as though no history was attached to it.

And yet a strange story was told and currently believed respecting the fatal lake n the woods.

Tradition reported vaguely that one of the Ashleighs, long since passed away, had chosen this place for a scene in his life drama.

Here it was he appointed to meet a village maiden he had betrayed and ruined. On the margin of this pool she had waited from early eve till the morrow's dawn for the faithless lover, and then the waters had closed over her, and

> "One more unfortunate
> Had gone to her doom."

Beside this legendary water Reginald stood, forgetting time, and place, and circumstance—only remembering Philip and the *misalliances* he had made when he married the star of the ballet, and disgraced the proud old name of Ashleigh.

Once again he heard the strange sound which had twice disturbed his reflections that evening. Only this time there could be no doubt of the nature of it.

Steadily, with monotonous tramp, footsteps were approaching from one side, while on the other a stealthy sort of creeping through the bushes sent a shudder thrilling over his frame for which he could not account, try as he would.

For a moment the superstitious feeling that sometimes attacks the strongest men held him in thrall as he observed a figure halt motionless and silent on the other side of the pool.

The form and face, showing out clear in the moonlight, he knew right well. They were those of his younger brother, Philip.

He called out to him in rather a husky voice, and started round to meet him.

"Philip," he said, very kindly, "I am glad to see you; I wish to speak to you."

Reginald held out his hand, but his brother would not see it.

He stared at him in a frozen, petrified sort of manner, and looked in a way that was more terrible than open anger.

It was the concentrated calm of scorn and hate.

He had been drinking very heavily. The flask Wilkins had filled for him, brimming full to its top, was almost empty now.

The sight of Reginald, standing there so calm, with such a superior look upon his countenance—showing so plainly in the moonlight—almost maddened the disinherited younger son.

Cain never hated Abel more bitterly or moved him with greater envy than did Philip Ashleigh his brother at this moment.

The very stick he held in his hand spoke of proprietorship.

He remembered it as well as though it were only yesterday he had presented it to the old squire. Aye, even the ominous words his father had made use of on the occasion.

So the two faced each other in the moonlight; and presently, in a low, grating voice, Philip spoke.

"I suppose I am trespassing now?" he said, "and you will be sending for the keepers to show me off the property, eh?"

"My dear Philip," gasped Reginald, "whatever do you mean?"

"What I say," returned the other fiercely, working himself up into an awful rage, as he caught just a glimpse of the old house; "*dear* Philip, indeed. A very affectionate game you have played; or rather Miss Mina for you," he continued, sneeringly.

"Stay, Phil," thundered Reginald, his hands working convulsively; "speak of me as you please—say what you will, but leave her name out of the question."

"Why should I do so?" asked Philip, roughly; "but for her Slingsby would be mine. Had no tongue lied, and fawned, and flattered," he continued passionately, "do you think that codicil would have been added to the will? Whose doing think you was that?"

"Not hers or mine, Philip," replied Reginald, hotly. "Ask yourself if there is no other cause for my father's anger. But there," he continued, governing his temper by a great effort, "you have been worried and upset, Phil; and it makes you unjust to us both. When you are sober and think the matter over quietly, and hear what we have planned for you, I am sure you will recall the hasty words you have uttered to-night."

He would have moved away now; but Philip confronted him, and laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"Do you say I am *not* sober" he asked, between his teeth; "is that one of my crimes, drunkenness, eh?"

He swayed to and fro somewhat staggeringly, and his brain seemed on fire.

"You had better go home, Phil," returned Reginald, coldly and a little sternly. "You are not in a fit state to be wandering about thus. Come and see me to-morrow; I am tired of this scene, and have no wish to prolong it."

Philip's face grew whiter as he noted the change of tone in the speaker.

He was one of those men who become paler and more livid as strong drink overcomes them; and as he stood there in the soft light the picture was almost ghastly in its effect.

"Go home!" he echoed. "I wish to heaven I could go home. I would I had never again seen the old Grange, or any of its people. I would not give one hour of my life with Netty—poor and downcast as we are—for all the wealth of Ashleigh. There is truth and love in the one room we call home: there is none for me elsewhere. I care nothing for the cursed money," he continued hurriedly, "but my wife may be wanting some for herself and our little one. I was a fool to leave her," he concluded thoughtfully. "I am sorry she could not have accompanied me."

Reginald's eyes seemed fairly to blaze with indignation.

"Would you bring *her* here? he demanded, sternly—"here to Ashleigh to disgrace us all? It was only this evening I heard from Mina who it was that you had married. Philip, you must have been mad to have thrown yourself away thus. A common dancing girl! Why, who think you will recognise her? Not I or Mina——"

It was the last word he spoke.

Philip had been shaking as one in an ague.

Now he turned with a curse bubbling from his lips, and with his open hand struck Reginald's cheek, sending him reeling to the ground.

"How dare you," he passionately cried; "how dare you speak thus of my wife?"

Very slowly Reginald rose; his eyes were dilated, and he stared vacantly in astonished wonder at his brother.

"Philip!" he gasped, "how could you? how could you? I will try and forgive you, Phil," he added, with trembling lips. "I will, indeed; but you have hurt me more than I can say. Good-night; and may heaven be as merciful to you as I am now."

Again he held out his hand; but Philip turned angrily away.

"Go," he said, "I wish never to see you again. A curse upon brothers and friends such as I have at Ashleigh."

All the gentle feelings at Reginald's heart went out at this.

"I leave you," he said; "go your own road, I care not if I never cross your path again."

And with this he strode away, bare-headed, on his return home to the Grange.

He reached the edge of the woods, then passed his hand over his brow, wiping off the perspiration that hung in great drops thereon.

"I have left my hat behind me," he muttered vacantly; "I'll go back and fetch it. I hope Philip has gone away; I am so sick at heart, when I think of it all."

There was a lump in his throat as he gazed at the window of the room wherein Mina had retired to sleep; but lights were flitting about in a strange, unusual manner.

Stumbling over the undergrowth as he walked with heedless steps onward, he reached the belt of bushes which separated the pond from the wood.

Philip had never moved from his position.

He had forgotton Reginald and Mina. His thoughts were with the past and its struggles. He was communing in spirit with Netty—going over once again the remembrances of the straits and difficulties of his London life.

The footsteps of his brother aroused him.

"It is Reginald," he whispered to himself; "can I forgive him? I must, for your sake, my Netty," he soliloquised—"my pretty wife—heaven bless you!"

These were the last words he was destined to breathe.

A crashing blow, and Philip Ashleigh was felled to the earth.

Even now all consciousness did not desert him.

He felt the blood trickling down his face, and he tried to utter a prayer.

Again and again those sickening thuds fell with a dull, awful sound on the still night.

Then came a heavy, sullen flash—a rustling and crashing of branches; and Dancer, the keeper, came tearing up from the direction of the Grange.

"What is the matter, sir!" he asked of Reginald, who was peering over the bushes, horror-stricken. "I thought I heard a sound of voices, sir, and a great splash in the water."

"Dancer," whispered Reginald, wringing his hands, "am I mad—is this all a dream?"

The man looked on wonderingly.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Reginald," he said hurriedly.

He ran round to the part called "The Shallows," and presently waded boldly into the water.

Reginald moved round and picked up a stick lying on the bank.

As it had lain in the moonlight—as he remembord it red and bloody—so it appeared now, only that, as he grasped it, the clammy, sickening touch proclaimed it was no phantom—no unreal mockery.

The red blood flowed over his white hand and dabbled his sleeve.

Trembling with horror and affright, he gazed at Dancer with distended eyeballs.

The keeper was holding on a willow branch with something held in his long arms, and it seemed to Reginald that he was sobbing and gasping in great agony.

"What is it, Dancer?" he asked in a hoarse, dismayed voice.

The keeper did not reply for a moment, and then, in loud startling tones, his voice rang out on the stillness, and Reginald listened with painful anxiety.

"Oh, God! Mr. Reginald, it is—it is Mr. Philip, dead and foully murdered."

Reginald heard the splash of the water as the keeper made his way to land—saw the limp hands of the dead man hanging over his shoulder, and with a clawing at the air, a faint scent of blood in his nostrils, fell heavily to the earth as Dancer reached the bank.

The keeper looked down upon the prostrate form sorrowfully.

"It has come to this," he murmured. "I never thought that brothers could settle a difference thus."

He laid the body of Philip by side of his brother, and knelt down by them both.

Then he raised his hat and looked up reverently.

"From battle, and murder, and sudden death, good Lord deliver us," he prayed gently.

"Hilloa, Dancer, what's the row?" inquired a voice eagerly.

"Is that you, Mr. Rolla?" cried the keeper. "I am so glad you've happened here just now, for I must go to the Hall. There's been murder done," continued Dancer, solemnly. "Do you wait here, and I'll run off to the house."

"No, no," returned Mr. Rolla, shuddering, "there are ladies there. We had better get *him* to his old lodgings at the inn."

There was no need for this now. Faces peered through the branches—a dozen men were standing round.

The retainers at the Grange had been sent out by Mina—who, unable to shake off her ominous depression, had despatched them in search of their master, whose prolonged absence had alarmed her.

One and all uncovered their heads as they looked on the face of their young master, Philip.

Not a word was said aloud—only a hushed murmur ran through the crowd; and Reginald, awaking as from a frightful dream, peered around with incredulous eyes.

The while each and every one looked at him with strange glances of horror, and scarce a breath could be heard to break the silence.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEARCH FOR THE ASSASSIN.

Mr. Rolla was the first to speak.

"What's to be done?" he inquired of the keeper. "Shall we take him home, or——"

He hesitated to finish the sentence, so close was the scrutiny of the listeners.

Self-possessed and calm as he usually was—accustomed to the steady stare of hundreds at the theatre wherein he nightly fumed and strutted in London, the small audience now looking upon him caused him to change colour and shift one foot from the other with stealthy unrest in the movement.

There was a whispered enquiry, too, among the men as to who and what this stranger was.

A hurried consultation with Dancer, the keeper, then the old butler spoke in trembling tones.

"We had better take orders from Mr. Reginald, sir," he said to Mr. Rolla, very respect-

(*Continued on page* 8.)

The Pretty Colourist.

"Let me carry that for you."

The old man—he was very old and very feeble—started at the sound of the fresh, young voice beside him, and looked up to see who was speaking. Just one step below him on the narrow staircase of the large tenement house, he saw a slender young woman, with an earnest, sweet face, not more than twenty years of age. She wore deep mourning, but had thrown aside her heavy crape veil, as she held out her hand for the basket, whose weight was evidently a sore burden to the old man.

"No, no," he said, hastily; "you'll not be going up so far."

"I am going to the attic," was the quiet reply, "and my hands are free, as you see."

She took the basket without further remonstrance, and when the top flight of stairs was safely ascended, turned to her companion again. He opened the door of a large, poorly-furnished room, and the girl's quick eyes saw at once an old woman extended upon a bed, and evidently very ill. There were comforts in the room, no appearance of extreme poverty, but an air of neglect, as if a woman's hands had not been busy there for a long time.

In a moment the heavy basket was placed upon a table, the slender figure had crossed the room, and the sweet young face was bending over the aged sufferer.

"You are ill. Can I help you?"

The old woman started, as her husband had done, at the sound of the clear voice. It was so unlike the harsh, uncultivated tones they were accustomed to hear around them, that it sounded strange in their ears. In another moment, the old woman replied harshly:

"I don't want no charity. Jacob can take care of me, and so I tell you. If you are a committee woman or a district visitor tell them I won't go to the hospital or the almshouse."

"Hush, hush," said the stranger pained at the excitement in the aged face. "I am not a district visitor, but your neighbour. I have taken the room opposite this one, and I must work there for my living, so you see I have no charity to offer. But, as your neighbour, will you not let me smooth up your bed, and make you more comfortable?"

"Ay," said the old man, "let her do it, Hannah. Men's tidying ain't like women folks'. She's been sick a week, ma'am, and things look forlorn enough."

"Earning a living," said the old woman. "I've seen many a queer thing, but never the likes of her earning a living in a house as poor as this one."

She lay musing upon this, while quietly the slender figure moved to and fro in the room, making the changes a neat woman's hand works. Without any fuss, the room assumed a look of perfect order, and the old man muttered:

"Ay, old woman, if our girl was alive she'd be like that."

"Like that!" said the old woman, shortly. "You're astray in your wits, Jacob. That is a lady."

When the room was in order, the bed was made more comfortable, and then Hannah felt cool, soft hands brushing out her grey hair, braiding it into a compact knot with no loose irritating ends.

Her hands and face were bathed with gentlest touch, and the pillow turned before the aged head was gently replaced upon it. And then something that startled the invalid greatly happened; a tear and a kiss fell softly upon her cheek, and the next moment the visitor was gone.

This was her first visit, but before many days were over Jacob could go to his daily work, sure that his wife was carefully watched by the young girl who lived in the opposite room, and that Hannah was well content to be so nursed. The stranger gave her name as Bessie Hill, and her employment was that of a photograph-colourer. Twice a week she went for her work, and took it back. The remainder of her time she spent in tinting the cards entrusted to her care, and in the household work necessary in the two rooms. Jacob made fires and aided in many ways, but the young stranger seemed happy in watching beside the invalid, who grew enthusiastically fond of her.

"If she was my own child, she couldn't take tenderer care of me," she would say, when Jacob came home, and Bessie went to her own room. "But it is strange what a lady like her is doing here, painting picture-cards for a living."

The months wore away in the tenement house as they wear away the world over, and Hannah was about again, not very robust, but for her years a hard-working woman still. And the tie of affection knotted at her sick-bed did not loosen as the summer followed spring, and fall was threatening winter.

Not a day passed that there was not some interchange of good feeling between the two attic rooms. Was Hannah going for a walk with Jacob? Bessie's fingers pinned her collar, trimmed up her best bonnet, and made her tidy. Was Bessie hurried with an order for work, Jacob made her fire, or Hannah cooked her dinner. They were like one family, airily perched in the attic, the only tenants on the floor.

But with all the kindly feeling between them, the old people knew nothing of Bessie's previous history, until she had been their neighbour for six months. Then, one cold November evening, when they were all seated in Hannah's room, Bessie busily sewing as the old woman knitted, the young girl said, quietly:

"I am going to tell you about myself, Aunt Hannah. You have been so kind to me——"

"The goodness!" interrupted the old woman; "put the shoe on the other foot, Bessie. I ain't forgot, if you have, who was kind first."

Jacob said:

"Tell us, lass, the story. It is hard lines for the like of you to have no better friends than the like of us."

"But I may have been born in such an attic," the girl replied. "I do not know. I was a little child when I was taken from a foundling hospital, by a lady of wealth, who took a fancy to my face and big black eyes. I never knew any more about myself than that 'Bessie Hill' was the name pinned on my dress when I was left at the door of the foundling hospital.

"My new mother was past middle age when she took me to her home, a widow with only one living child, though nine others lay in the grave-yard beside their father. The youngest of all, a son, was ten years old, when his mother, craving a baby girl to pet, took me. She was very good to me. If I had been in truth her own child I could have had no more advantages and indulgences. All her care was for her children, her son Clarence and myself. I knew from the first that she was not my own mother, though I called her so, and I felt, even in childhood, an intense gratitude for all her kindness. I studied hard in the schools where she placed me, because it pleased her if I improved fast. I dressed tastefully, because she liked to have me look well.

"She taught me all good housewifely accomplishments too, and if she was sick I delighted in cooking dainties to tempt her appetite. But as I grew to womanhood, she aged very fast. She was never very strong, and the loss of so many children and of her husband broke her health.

"Two years ago Clarence left us, to join an expedition that was going up the Nile, and after his departure his mother sank slowly but surely to death. She was never very ill, and we were not alarmed about her, even when, as it proved, she was actually dying. I was her nurse, and she died in my arms.

"When she died I found myself thrown upon the world, alone and penniless. I had supposed my benefactress had left a will, but none was found, and a lawyer took possession of the property till Clarence should come home. Her only son was certainly Mrs. Goodwin's heir-at-law."

"Mrs. what?" cried Jacob.

"Mrs. Goodwin."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Jacob, "I do declare? I—it's just like a newspaper story. Old woman, I forgot my tobaker this evening. I'll run to the corner for some, if Bessie will keep you company till I come back."

The old man hurried away as if his very life depended upon his "tobaker," and Bessie drew a little nearer the old woman.

"Aunt Hannah," she said, softly, "I will tell you what I cannot talk about before any one else. When Clarence Goodwin went away, it was understood that on his return I was to be his wife. He seemed to love me from the time we were little children together, and I loved him. After his mother died I sold my few articles of jewellery, and for six months I boarded with an intimate friend of Mrs. Goodwin's, writing three times to Clarence. I wrote to him of his mother's death—of her last words for him. Twice more I wrote, and no answer came to me. Then, my money all gone, my heart sore and heavy, I left my boarding-place and came here. I was born of the working class, and I had no false pride to keep my hands idle. I sought and found work, and I am living down my love. Clarence may have thought his mother's death released him from his engagement, or he may have supposed she would leave me property. I do not know. But you understand now, do you not, how my heart yearned over you as you lay ill, on the night when I first saw you. I had no one to love since Mrs. Goodwin was carried to Greenwood, and your sweet, patient face was like her's as it rested upon the pillow. I loved you very soon, Aunt Hannah, and when I conquer all the sore heartache and mourning, we will be very happy up here, away from the world."

"Here she is, sir," cried old Jacob, an hour later, throwing open the door of his room. "I've found her for you."

And Bessie, springing to her feet, found herself clapsed fast in Clarence Goodwin's arms, and heard his voice calling her his own, long-lost Bessie. She was so white and trembling that they were all quieted very soon, and Hannah vacated the large arm-chair for Clarence to put her down, and caress her into calmness again.

Then he told her how all his letters had lain uncalled for and unanswered for many long months, while he sailed up the Nile with his friends, and was ill for a long time with a dangerous fever. When at last he came to London Bessie had disappeared.

"I advertised you," Clarence continued, "not only for my love's sake, but that you might receive my mother's legacy to you. Did you think she could leave you penniless, Bessie, after giving you every luxury for years?"

"The lawyer could find no will."

"It was in my mother's room, however, in a concealed drawer, where she kept my father's pictures and letters, the hair and portraits of my brothers and sisters. I found it easily, and I was surprised that you had not looked there."

"I did not think of that drawer," Bessie replied, "and the lawyer seemed to think I meant to run away with your property. Your mother had not been dead twenty-four hours, before everything in the house was locked up and sealed, excepting what was in my own room."

"My poor darling! it was terrible, and what makes it worse, my mother leaves you the house, furniture, and all the personal property, besides ten thousand pounds, so you were really locked out of your own property. You will come home now, Bessie?"

"In a few days, Clarence."

"Well," cried old Jacob, "we'll miss you sorely, Bessie."

"Bless me!" Clarence said, laughing, "I forgot to tell you how I found you. After I had taken my mother's will from the drawer, I sought you everywhere. My uncle Nathan—you remember him?—was my friend, and together we scoured the city, looking for Bessie Goodwin. I never even remembered your other name, Bessie. This afternoon, when I came into my uncle's counting-house, nearly discouraged, he made me once more tell him every detail of the story of my return, of your letters, and disappearance."

"And," cried old Jacob here, "ain't I porter myself in Mr. Nathan Colburn's store, though I am too old to do much? He keeps me on for odd jobs—sweeping out the counting-house, and keeping an eye on the boys, that's always up to mischief. Haven't I seen Mr. Goodwin a hundred times in his uncle's place, and haven't I felt sorry for him every day since he came home, a looking so pale and miserable, fretting for the sweetheart that was right here all the time? I'd a never mistrusted Bessie, dear—excuse me Miss Goodwin—if you hadn't told us the story you did this blessed night. I knew I'd carry a light heart to Mr. Goodwin, and I'm glad indeed to be the one to give you happiness, Miss, after your goodness to me and the old woman. Hannah, old girl, say something."

But Hannah was too busy crying behind her apron, and praying with all her honest old heart for the young people.

Bessie pleaded for a delay in the wedding until she could make some less sombre garments than her close mourning, and Clarence's impatience made her hurry dressmakers and milliners, till in a fortnight she was ready to leave her attic room. Then the old people were surprised by a life-lease of a tiny cottage at Lewisham, neatly furnished, and with a little garden, the life-long desire of old Jacob's heart. From here Bessie drove to the church, where she was married to Clarence Goodwin before entering her own home.

The old people still live at Lewisham, and old Jacob still patters about Mr. Colburn's store, imagining himself of vast importance in awing the "boys," while old Hannah is never so happy as when Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin come out to take tea in the little cottage, and she can tell over and over again the story of Bessie's goodness to her, and its reward.

The Prison March.

Mr. Albert F. Webster has the following in an account of the Eastern Penitentiary, one of the two State penal institutions in Pennsylvania:

The third cell was occupied by two shoemakers.

Both of these men were even more pallid and more feeble than the two that we had already seen.

One of them, with a smile that was far too eager, hurried forward from the rear of the cell, and as we emerged from the cramped doorway, extended his long arm and gave us, one after the other, a thin hand, that was fairly wet with perspiration. The writer doubts if he will ever be permitted to forget the terrible combination of pallor, ugliness, exhaustion, and gaiety, that existed for the moment in the small features of that man.

After having begged us to sit down upon one of the two cots that were in the cell, he hastened back to his work-bench, and, seizing a last and a hammer, began to work with great vigour. He was engaged in putting together the several parts of a lady's boot. The other prisoner, timid and entirely silent, hung back like a school-boy, and seemed to entertain a brooding distress on account of our presence. The agent made some slight remark that contained the barest hint of humour.

The boot-maker at once burst into a loud laugh, and clapped his hand upon his knee. This outburst startled the other prisoner, and into his vacant face there stole a faint smile, that faded, however, almost immediately.

The agent said a little more. Each sally of his provoked the same boisterous fun.

The cell is warmed in winter by steam, which is forced through a two-inch iron pipe. This pipe crosses the cell midway between the entrance and the opposite wall. The agent's gaze happened to fall upon this pipe, which was raised an inch from the floor. It reminded him of an incident in prison-life, and he related it.

"It is often the case," said he, "that a man, when he has finished his work, gets up, and folding his arms, walks up and down his cell for hours together. He marches the entire length one way, and then, turning, marches back again. Now, a poor boy that I knew—and a right good boy he was—had a pipe that crossed his cell-floor just as this pipe crosses this"—the agent pointed to the obstruction, and both the prisoners followed his eyes with their own—"when he walked he used to take three paces, stop, raise his foot, step over the pipe, and then take three more steps, which brought him to the end of his cell. Then he would march back again in the same way, step over the pipe once more, and then go on. He used to do that every day, and for years and years. A little while ago the term for which he was sentenced expired. I happened to go into the rotunda on the day that he was to be released, and he was there. What do you suppose he was doing?" The agent looked at the two convicts with a benign countenance. One of them was heedlessly staring at the opposite wall, while the other, with parted lips and with his broad hammer poised, awaited an answer.

"He was walking up and down in that great place," said the agent, "just as he had walked in his cell for so long a time. He took three steps, raised his foot, stepped over an imaginary pipe, took three more steps, turned, came back, and stepped over the pipe once more. 'Why, David,' said I, 'you're crazy. There's nothing in the way now! You are free, man. There's no steam-pipe there, can't you see?' He stopped and looked down, then he laughed at himself, and said:

"'I don't quite understand it yet, sir, that's a fact.' But in a moment he was at it again, with his arms folded tightly over his chest, still poising and still stepping over the ghost of the pipe."

The conclusion of this story was a signal for another loud and long laugh from the boot-maker, and he declared that this incident was too good to be kept. He fell to his work again with tears of mirth flowing out of his eyes, while his mate stared blankly upon the gentleman who had been the cause of so much pleasure.

Restored.

Whatever solace loss can draw from Art
I drew from out the picture in my hand,
Then fancied that the memory in my heart
Surpassed the finest artist in the land.

I looked within, and there the image stirred,
Touched with the tint of life and full of soul,
The lips just parting with a wonted word,
As near my cheek the happy vision stole.

But on a sudden darkness made it naught,
Leaving me lonely as a lonely isle,
And on the turbid, rapid tide of thought
There flitted not the sparkle of his smile.

"Ah me!" said I; "must even Memory prove
Too weak to comfort Love as she doth crave?
The vivid sight and sense of him I love—
Must these be also given to the grave?"

And then I thought of Aphrodite's mate
(How weak in wishing may the poor heart be!)
And wished my lost might have Adonis' fate,
And for a season be restored to me.

Lo! was he not? For in the deep of night
He lived again and blessed me in a dream,
Without one trace of Death's despoiling might:
Just as of old did my beloved seem.

The ruddy cheek, the full and manly form—
Oh what a marvel that I found them there,
And felt life's current in caresses warm,
Though in a land more subtle than the air!

I shrank if any *called* him dead before;—
Oh wondrous meeting of those eyes with mine!—
I now will *think* of him as dead no more,
Since in my dreams their living light can shine.

—*Charlotte F. Bates.*

Old Drinking Customs.

In most or all the festive customs of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, the drinking of ale and other liquors held a prominent place. The year was begun by partaking of spiced liquors from the wassail-bowl, so called from "Waes hael"—"Be healthy." A mere glance at some of the drinks given to certain divisions of the calendar will show what these fine old English gentlemen thought about drinking. These are leet ale, lamb ale, Whitsun ale, clerk ale, midsummer ale, and others

All the most notable events in the life of man were celebrated by feasting, in which wine and ale drinking held a prominent place. At his birth, wine was drunk, and a certain kind of cake eaten by the friends of the parents.

At the time of marriage, wine and ale again took a leading part. The bride herself sold ale to the guests on the wedding-day, for which she received, by way of a present, whatever price her friends were generous enough to give. This ale was sometimes, perhaps always, brewed by the bride's own family, and the legal functionaries in some localities thought it incumbent on them to prevent abuses of the privilege by certain restrictions. In the rolls of a court of the county of Salop, dated the fifteenth year of Elizabeth, we find an "item" that a "payne is made that no person or persons that shall brewe any weddyn-ale to sell, shall not brewe above twelve strike of mault at the most." Drinking wine in church, at marriages, was enjoined by several of the old missals. In one of them it is directed that the sops (pieces of cake) immersed in this wine, as well as the liquor itself, and the cup that contained it, should be blessed by the priest. The beverage used on this occasion was to be drunk by the bride and bridegroom, and the rest of the company. As late as the beginning of the last century, the custom of drinking at weddings was thus chronicled by a now-forgotten versifier:

"What priest can join two lovers' hands,
But wine must seal the marriage bands?
As if celestial wine was thought
Essential to the sacred knot,
And that each bridegroom and his bride
Believed they were not firmly tied
Till Bacchus, with his bleeding tun,
Had finished what the priest begun."

At funerals, the flowing bowl was as free as at weddings. Mission, who travelled in England in the time of which we write, says of funeral processions: "Before they set out, and after they return, it is usual to present the guests with something to drink, either red or white wine, boiled with sugar and cinnamon, or some other such liquor. Every one drinks two or three cups. Butler (the keeper of a tavern in London) told me that there was a tun of red port drank at his wife's burial, besides mulled white wine. Note, no men ever go to women's burials, nor the women to the men's, so there were none but women at the drinking of Butler's wine."

The customs of the Irish in this particular are too well known to require more than passing mention. Even the Scotch sometimes held funeral feasts. In Stirlingshire it was long customary, when any head of a family died, to invite the whole parish to a feast. The guests were served on boards, in the barn, where a prayer was pronounced before and after the service, which duty was most religiously observed. The entertainment consisted first of a drink of ale, then a dram, then a piece of short-bread, then another dram of some other species of liquor, then a piece of currant-bread, and a third dram of either spirits or wine. This was followed by loaves and cheese, and pipes and tobacco.

Even the church festivals were sometimes marked by the same practices. At the anniversary of the dedication of a church, it was customary for the members of the parish to hold a "vigil;" and these vigils were often the occasion of much conviviality. The accounts of a warden of an old church in London show entries of moneys paid "for bred and wyn and ale to Bower (a singer), and his co., and to the Quere, on Dedication Even;" and, on another occasion, "for drynking overnight at Mr. Hayward's, at the King's Head, with certen of the parish, and certen of the chapel, and other singing men, in wyne, pears, and sugar, and other chargis."

This free use of wine and ale produced very bad results. Men got to drinking in a reckless way, even sometimes endeavouring to accomplish feats of capacity in a most beastly manner "There are in London," says Young, who wrote in 1617, "drinking-schooles; so that drinking is professed with us all as a liberall arte and science. . . . I have seen a company drinking for a *muggle*. Sixe determined to trie their strengths who could drink most glasses for the muggle. The first drinkes a glasse of a pint, the second two, the next three, and so every one multiplieth till the last taketh sixe. Then the first beginneth againe, and taketh seven, and in this manner they drinke thrice a peace round, every man taking a glasse more than his fellow."

Arnold of Rugby.

Thomas Arnold's early life, after his ordination, and, indeed, his whole life, was prosperous and easy. At twenty-four we find him a married man, pleasantly settled in a village not far from Oxford, with his mother, aunt, and sister; and there he remained for nine years, taking seven or eight young men into his family to prepare for the University. His success as a teacher was striking from the first. He hit upon the true method; for he was guided by one of the best hearts that ever beat, animating a sound and vivid understanding. He won so much esteem during these nine years, that in 1827, being then but thirty-two years of age, he was elected Head Master of Rugby School, over a large number of competitors.

He had now reached the scene where he won lasting fame, and changed the whole aspect of the higher education, not in Great Britain only, but we may say, perhaps, throughout Christendom. Let me try, in a few words, to convey some idea of the causes of his unique success.

In the first place, he told the Trustees frankly, before accepting the appointment, that though he desired their support and friendly co-operation, yet he must be, and *would* be, absolute master of his own school. If they were not satisfied, they must not interfere, but turn him out. As long as he remained, Rugby School must have but one master—himself.

He took unwearied pains to gather round him the best corps of assistants that England could furnish, and he raised their salaries so as to induce them to accept teaching as their profession, and devote their whole minds to it. He made much of his teachers. He consulted them before making any important change. He met them once a week in regular conference. He advanced their interests, and made common cause with them in all proper ways.

He was always open to suggestions. "There is enough of Toryism in my nature," he once said, "to make me very apt to sleep contentedly over things as they are, and therefore I hold it to be most true kindness when any one directs my attention to points in the school which are alleged to be going on ill." In the presence of his class, too, he never hesitated to confess his own ignorance, even on points on which he ought to have been informed; freely acknowledging mistakes in his edition of Thucydides, for example, or in his Latin verses; not disdaining even to ask information of his own pupils.

One great secret of his power was this: He placed moral goodness *first*. His greatest concern was to ennoble his pupils. "The business of a schoolmaster," he would say, "is the cure of souls." Nothing excited in him so profound a horror and dread as intellectual acuteness without moral principle to restrain and guide it. The stupidest man in the world, who was honest, pure, and clean. he would regard with veneration compared with such a miscreant as Byron. No pupil was ever praised by him in the pulpit but one, and he was a boy of remarkably slow, dull mind, who, by the most conscientious, unremitting diligence, had won his way to a respectable position in the school. "I would stand to that man," he once said of such a pupil, "hat in hand." At the same time his experience taught him that, generally speaking, a good mind and a good heart go together; and he once declared that he had never known a boy of truly superior understanding who did not come out right at last. He *hated* meanness; he *loved* manliness; and every boy in the school knew it and felt it.

But he did not expect too much of boys. He knew that the formation of a truly excellent character was a slow process, and that the best fruits ripen late. He did not disdain to assist the imperfect virtue of youth by offering prizes for superior attainments. He was a firm believer, also, in the necessity of corporal punishment, though resorting to it only for flagrant moral offences—falsehood, cruelty, drinking, or persistent idleness.

He was a believer in the duty of expelling boys. Some boys of very good capacity and disposition do better in a smaller school, or at home, than in a school of three hundred pupils. Whenever he had a pupil not doing well, who, he thought would do better elsewhere, he told the parents so, and advised them to withdraw him. Occasionally, however, he would abruptly and peremptorily dismiss a boy. He once wrote:

"I would be as patient as I possibly could with irresolution, unsteadiness and fits of idleness; but if a pupil has set his mind to do nothing, and considers all the work as so much fudge, which he will evade if he can, I have made up my resolution that I will send him away without scruple; for not to speak of the heartless trouble that such an animal would give to myself, he is a living principle of mischief in the house, being ready at all time to pervert his companions."

On another occasion, when he had expelled a considerable number of boys, after some disturbance, he said to the assembled school:

"It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred boys, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

As long as possible, he would take a boy's word, and if any one began to give further proof of an assertion, he would often interrupt him thus:

"If you say so, that is quite enough. *Of course*, I believe your word."

The consequence was, that a feeling grew up in the school that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes us."

A leading principle with him was that as much as possible was to be done *by* the boys, and as little as possible *for* them. He rarely lifted a boy bodily out of a difficulty, but tried always to put him into a way of getting out himself.

"You don't come here," he would say, "to learn, but to learn how to learn."

Hence, it was his custom to teach by questioning. He strove in all ways to awaken a boy's intelligence, and get him to use his own mind. If a pupil succeeded well with a difficult task, or answered with thoughtful correctness an important question, Arnold's countenance would brighten, his eye would kindle; he triumphed in the boy's triumph. "Thank you," he would say, with peculiar warmth and cheeriness, as the boy resumed his seat after acquitting himself happily. But, in the opposite case, when a boy had evidently neglected his work, the master's countenance would fall, and he would say with startling abruptness, "SIT DOWN."

He studied the nature of boys, and while leaving them very much more to themselves than teachers usually do, he was most vigilant in observing them; noticing what company they kept, how they employed their leisure, what books they read for pleasure, and how they were thriving in mind and morals.

He was head master at Rugby for fifteen years, during which he raised the school to the highest point of celebrity and excellence, and trained a large number of young men who have since distinguished themselves in every profession. He died suddenly, of disease of the heart, in the midst of his career, at the early age of forty-seven. He was buried at Rugby, and a monument to his memory adds a new consecration and an undying interest to the school chapel in which he preached with so much earnestness and tact. The poet and essayist, Matthew Arnold, is the son of this great man. It is curious to observe in the son's writings the influence of the father, and to note how exactly his position in the altered England of to-day corresponds with that of his father in the England of forty years ago.—*James Parton.*

Old Uncle Harry.

Uncle Harry was never known to miss a deer during the last years of his hunting life, and was very proud of his shooting. Whenever he drew trigger the deer had to be chased, whether blood was found or not. One day some graceless young vagabonds got hold of his gun and drew the shot from both barrels, determined to have a joke on the old gentleman for once. In the second drive an old doe came out to Uncle Harry, and both barrels were heard, followed by three notes of his horn. This signal of "Meat in the pot" was almost too much for the young fellows, who came up in high glee to enjoy the fun: "Where's the deer, Uncle Harry?"

"Put the dogs on the trail: we'll catch her presently," was the confident reply.

"Have you found blood?"

"No, but that's no sign. She's bleeding internally."

Not wishing to break up the hunt by a useless chase, which they knew the old man would keep up until the dogs gave out, they told him what they had done.

"Did you draw the *powder wad?*" asked Uncle Harry in tones which betoken a storm.

"No, only the shot."

The old gentleman's face relaxed as he quietly mounted his horse, saying, "Put on the dogs, boy."

The dogs were cheered on the still hot trail, and the deer was caught after a short run with a *single buckshot* in the loin! The old man always wrapped a "chewed" shot in the black-moss wadding which kept down the powder, and that shot had done the work.

"Now, young gentlemen," said Uncle Harry to the would-be jokers, "whenever you want to fool *me* again, be sure you draw the whole charge, and then *take the flints out!*"—*Robert Wilson.*

The Chimes of Kirk-Sunken.

Twelve sunken ships in Selker's Bay
  Rose up; and, righting soon,
With mast and sail stretched far away
  Beneath the midnight moon.

They sailed right out to Bethlehem;
  And soon they reached the shore.
They steered right home from Bethlehem;
  And these the freights they bore.

The first one bore the frankincense,
  The second bore the myrrh;
The third the gifts and tribute pence
  The Eastern Kings did bear.

The fourth ship bore a little palm
  Meet for an infant's hands;
The fifth the spikenard and the balm;
  The sixth the swathing bands.

The seventh ship bore without a speck,
  A mantle fair and clean;
The eighth the shepherds on her deck
  With heavenward eyes serene.

One bore the announcing Angel's song;
  One Simeon's glad record;
And one the bright seraphic throng
  Whose tongues good tidings poured.

And midst them all, one, favoured more,
  Whereon a couch was piled,
The blessed Hebrew infant bore,
  On whom the Virgin smiled.

They sailed right into Selker's Bay:
  And when the night was worn
To dawning grey, far down they lay,
  Again that Christmas morn.

But through the brushwood low and clear
  Came chimes and songs of glee,
That Christmas morning, to my ear
  Beneath Kirk-Sunken tree.

Not from the frosty air above,
  But from the ground below,
Sweet voices carolled songs of love,
  And merry bells did go.

From out a City great and fair
  The joyous life up-flow'd,
Which once had breathed the living air,
  And on the earth abode.

A City far beneath my feet
  By passing ages laid;
Or buried while the busy street
  Its round of life convey'd.

So to the ground I bent an ear,
  That heard, as from the grave,
The blessed Feast-time of the year
  Tell out the joy it gave;

The gladness of the Christmas morn,
  O fair Kirk-Sunken Tree!
One day in every year's return
  Those sounds flow up by thee.

They chime up to the living earth
  The joy of them below,
At tidings of the Saviour's birth
  In Bethlehem long ago,

—*John Pagen White.*

Literary Rambler.

◆

ADDISON'S "CATO."

Cato really does go too far for human patience. He is so horribly better than all his neighbours (except *Juba*, a young gentleman of colour, who has "caught" Roman virtue from him as ordinary mortals take the small-pox, without apparent reason), that fallen human nature enlists itself in a solemn league against him, and is glad when he stabs himself, hoping that he is dead, and that there is an end of him. Not a bit of it. When Mr. Pecksniff gets so drunk that he has to be carried to bed, Jenkins supposes that he will stay there; but no, Mr. Pecksniff appears on the landing in his shirt, charged with new moral sentiments. It is so with *Cato;* after his cowardly act of suicide he reappears on the stage to die, and is just as virtuous as ever.

Forgive, blessed shade of Addison, our laughter! Conceive the man who wrote the ninety-third *Spectator* writing "Cato!" Why did you, nearly the most pure and perfect wit of your century, *ever publish it?* Why *did* you listen to Steele, Tickell, and others, about such a great matter, and not use your own judgment, which was in reality the correct one, as far as regards posterity? *You* distrusted it, and you were right. It would not in the least degree have mattered if any one else had written it; it would have sunk or swum, would have been applauded at the time, and have sunk into obscurity afterwards; but a man with Addison's reputation was ill-advised when he published a fifth-class play, and that a dull one. From one end to the other there is not one ghost of an approach to the tender and exquisite grace which we find everywhere in his *Spectator*. Hogarth was of opinion that he could paint great historical subjects, and he tried, and thought he had succeeded; but, in venturing out of his *métire*, he never did worse than Addison did in "Cato." It might be thought impossible that such a genius as Addison's should wholly fail where there is an opportunity for soft human sympathy to have its play; but no! *Cato's* son *Marcus* is killed; the whole scene is remarkably good, except that that dreadful negro *Juba* will insist on uttering moral sentiments worthy of a debating-club in Liberia, which may be compared to *Cato* and water. On meeting his son's corpse, *Cato* very nearly forgets the Whig in the father:

"*Cato, meeting the corpse*— . . . .
"Welcome, my son! here lay him down my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count these glorious
  wounds.
How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What a pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Portius! behold thy brother, and remember,
Thy life is not thine own when Rome demands it.
  "*Juba.*—Was ever man like this?"

We should not say, ourselves, and most profoundly hope not; but we no more pretend to emulate Cato's virtues than we intend to say that, according to Addison's showing, Cato was a heartless old rascal. The triumph of Roman Whiggism over common human affection in Addison's "Cato" is very singular, coming from a man like Addison, the gentlest of his race.—*Temple Bar.*

AN OLD ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

In the early part of the seventeenth century there was an Englishman, named Fynes Moryson, who had a passion for travelling, and has left an account of *Ten Years of Travel through Great Britain and other Parts of Europe*, 1617. Moryson's book, a bulky folio, is now as scarce as it is curious. Few know anything about it.

From his description of the counties, it appears that several of them differed then, in many particulars, very much from their present characteristics. Cornwall had then such abundance of corn, that large quantities were annually exported thence to Spain. On the other hand, in no part of England did the ground require more expense than in Devonshire, "for in many places it is barren, till it be fatted with the ooze or sand of the sea, which makes it wonderfully fruitful." Bristol he represents as next to London and York, being preferred to all other cities of England, on account of its fair buildings, and its public and private houses. Malmesbury was at this time celebrated for its woollen cloths; Wakefield, too, was famous for the same manufacture; Rye, in Sussex, as the most frequented passage into France. "The town of Romney, one of the five ports, in our grandfathers' time, lay close upon the sea, but now is almost two miles distant from the same." The town of Stony Stratford is well known for its fair inns and stately bridge of stone. The little city of Westminster, of old more than a mile distant from London, is now, by fair buildings, joined to it. The city of London hath the sumptuous church of St. Paul, beautified with rich sepulchres, and the Bourse, or Exchange, built for the meeting of merchants; a very sumptuous and wonderful bridge built over the Thames; rich shops of goldsmiths in Cheapside, and innumerable stately palaces, of which a great part lay scattered in unfrequented lanes. Lynn, in Norfolk, is represented as famous for the safety of its haven, most easy to be entered, for the concourse of merchants, and the fair buildings. Cambridgeshire is famous for its barley, 'of which, steeped till it spring again, they make great quantity of malt, to brew beer, in great quantity, as the beer is much exported into foreign parts, and there highly esteemed.' The ale of Derby was, for goodness, proverbially preferred before that kind of drink in any other town. Coventry, Moryson declares, is the fairest city within land, of which the chief trade had been the making round woollen caps, but these being, at the time he wrote, very little used, the trade was decayed. Coals and veins of iron were to be found in South Staffordshire, but the greatest quantity and best kind of coal was in Nottinghamshire. No other county had so many knights' houses as Cheshire; 'it is rich in pastures, and sends great quantities of cheeses to London.' 'Manchester is an old town, fair and well inhabited, rich in the trade of making woollen cloth, and the cloths called Manchester cottons are vulgarly known.'" These cottons, however, were, in fact, woollen goods, as the manufacture of real cotton goods was not begun until about half a century later.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SAYING GRACE.

Charles Lamb, as we all know, wittily debated the question whether we should not say grace before going out for a walk, and prior to the enjoyment of very many social mercies besides meat and drink; and there may be some people inclined to go even farther than this, and while asking a blessing on the food, utter aspirations for something beyond the mere solids and liquids on the table. Remember that grace is not only an expression of gratitude, but a supplication for farther favours. We desire that we shall be made truly thankful for what we are about to receive; and that which we receive is only so much bone-making or flesh-making sustenance which will make our frames active and vigorous; but why should we not pray that the cook may not burn the meat, underboil the potatoes, or send up cinders concealed in the spinach? I broke a tooth the other day with an abominable small coal lying perdu in my vegetables. Why should we not pray that the dinner should be prepared with a sufficient amount of science to absolve us from the necessity of furtively swallowing a salt-spoonful of pepsine behind our table-napkin, in order to allay the agonies of indigestion? Why should we not piteously pray that no duns and no bores might call while we were at dinner; that our servants' attention while they were handing round the dishes might not be distracted by the hoarse-voiced ruffians in the street who drive quiet neighbourhoods to frenzy about dinner time, and who carry on a detestable trade of lying and extortion under the pretence of selling the evening papers, yelling out, "Death hof Mr. Disraley, horful haccident in the 'Ighgate-'ill tunnel, hassassination hof the Merikan President, capchure of the Bilboes," and so forth? And, again, why should we not pray that, if there were any children at table they might behave themselves with tolerable decency during the repast? One very hardened man I heard of long since who, ere he commenced his dinner, used to pray not only for himself but against his foes. "Let not those who despitefully use me have any roast duck; let not mine enemies have any lobster-sauce with their turbot; take away the ice-puddings of my enemies;" and the like. This was exceedingly reprehensible; yet, my candid friend, can you put your hand upon your heart, and aver that you have never in the cursing-chamber of your heart uttered supplications such as these (although couched in no scriptural phrase), and as fierce as any of those which shock us in the magnificent outpourings of the Eastern scribes. —*George Augustus Sala.*

The Ladies' Own Corner.

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The following extracts are from the *Queen:*

LAVEUSE COSTUME.

In Worth's show rooms there is always something fresh to note, as there is so much invention in the composition of his dresses. For small dinner parties and afternoon receptions our famous man-milliner has composed the most stylish toilette conceivable. It is called the "laveuse" costume, and is in the Louis XVI. style; the material is pale green foulard, shot with pale blue, and studded all over with Pompadour flowerets. The skirt is bordered with a plaiting, striped with blue, and between every stripe there is a line of small rose buds. Above this plaiting, but in front only, there are three wide bands of bottle green velvet, fastened down at each side with green velvet bows. The "laveuse" tunic is looped up squarely in front, exactly as peasant girls tuck up their skirts when they go to wash, and it has broad green velvet revers all round it. Very wide square basques fall over this tunic; they are piped with bottle-green velvet, and three velvet bows are arranged as a ladder in the centre. The bodice has a basque at the back, fastened at the edge as well as at the waist with a velvet bow; a narrow plaiting forms a square ornament on the front of the bodice. The sleeves terminate with a plaiting which matches that round the skirt, and also with a revers which gives effect of the sleeves being turned up from the wrist. Green velvet round the throat, velvet plaiting upon the sleeves, and velvet waistband and sash. A small Marie Antoinette mantelet accompanies this costume. It is made with a hood, and has a velvet bow with long ends at the back, and a plaiting of foulard all round. The bonnet worn with this "laveuse" toilette is either made of foulard to match the dress, and trimmed with bottle-green velvet, or of coarse straw, and then it is called the "Henriette hat;" the brim is turned up, both in front and at the back in the Auvergnat style; the coronet in front is either brown or green velvet, and the crown also is gathered velvet. All round the crown a cravat of white batiste, edged with Valenciennes lace, is carelessly rolled; the two ends falling on the hair. A large black velvet bow is likewise fastened upon the hair. A similar style of hat is also made with the brim turned downward all round, and bound with black velvet. These hats, although characterised by extreme simplicity, have an originality of their own, which the addition of either a flower or a feather would quite destroy. The Henriette hat in sailor blue velvet is likewise extremely pretty.

FOR SEASIDE WEAR.

For seaside wear the chapeaux-voiles, with the veil underneath, are extremely popular, and shoes have well-nigh taken the place of boots. The shoes most affected are those called souliers Anglais; they conceal a great portion of the foot, are embroidered in white, and have two bows with jet buckles; steel buckles are inappropriate—they rust so easily by the sea. The stockings are either silk, spun silk, or Scotch thread; they are plain, but the colour is always selected to match the dress worn at the time. Serge is much affected in the early morning by the sea, and especially white serge; grey batiste is considered more fashionable than écru, which has become extremely common. Plaitings are lavishly used upon the grey batiste costumes, and the trimmings are generally of black velvet. The tunic at the back forms a scarf with square ends caught together with black velvet bows, and the bodice has round basques edged with a plaiting. These all-round basques, describing a slightly accentuated point at the back, are much in favour, and with every-day dresses they will continue to be worn; but for better or reception dresses another form will be adopted, as this one is too well known. The revers on sleeves are also beginning to be abandoned; they have been used and abused to such an extent that they will not be regretted.

CHARMING TOILETTES.

The following toilettes have just been finished by one of our best *faiseurs*, says a Paris correspondent. The first was made of silver-grey silk and blue Sicilienne; the skirt of the former is trimmed in front with seam-gathered flounces; behind the four breadths are plaited very closely up at each seam, so as to form wide perpendicular *bouillonnés*. The trimming, which is framed in and finished off with a band of white guipure and a row of lace insertion, does not reach to the bottom of the train, this being left quite plain. This casaque is in blue Sicilienne, and has long basques which are caught back, so as to show a lining of silver-grey silk. The bodice is plain with the exception of a sort of small hood in grey silk edged with blue fringe, which is attached to the back of the ruff. The sleeves are close fitting, with three frills of grey silk at the wrist traversed by a band of guipure lace and a fringe. The other toilette is made of maize-coloured faille. Three wide flounces decorate the *tablier*, each surmounted by a ruching of cerise foulard. The train, which is plain, forms wide *revers* on each side that are buttoned back with large red silk buttons. The bodice has short close-fitting basques. At the throat a wide plaid scarf is folded round the opening. This scarf passes under the bodice and hangs down in two ends on the left side—a decidedly novel arrangement. The sleeves have four plaited frills, placed two up and two down, and divided by a smaller plaid scarf knotted round the arm.

TIGHT-LACING.

As a mere matter of beauty, tight-lacing is folly. A slender waist goes with a slender figure. But most of our countrywomen are not naturally very slender, and the attempt to produce a small waist with a body not very thin simply results in absurdity. It was our fortune not long ago to see the Venus of Milo—that most beautiful rendering of a perfect woman's figure. Looking at it were some young ladies, much flounced and puffed, with chignons, high heels, and waists laced so tight that their shoulders were made quite square, while one poor girl was evidently suffering seriously from illness brought on by this compression. The contrast was ludicrous, and struck even the attendant, who came from his place, looked quietly at the statue, then at the girls, then once more at the statue, and with that expressive shrug of the shoulders, which a Frenchman best knows how to give, retired once more to his chair. "A word to the wise" we hope is sufficient. Long bodices may be fashionable; but tight-lacing is a folly and a crime.

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

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FLOWER GARDEN.

Geraniums should be propagated by cuttings put in the open ground in a sunny place, or singly in thumb-pots in frame or on a moist bed in a house facing south. If this work is postponed, the plants will be more difficult to keep through the winter. If quantity is an object, every two joints, one joint in and one out, will make a good plant; but one joint will do very well of any variety it is necessary to cut hard, as to form roots a joint in the soil is not necessary, as the internodes will root nearly as soon as the joints.

Carnations, picotees, and pinks to be propagated largely from layers and pipings, both easy and certain methods.

Dahlias want a heavy mulch after the ground has been lightly forked. This is said to harbour vermin, but practically its few disadvantages are balanced by the superior health of the plants and beauty of the flowers, and the labour of watering is got rid of. As for earwigs, they always go upwards, and may be trapped with certainty.

Pansies to be propagated from cuttings of young wood; the old hollow stems are quite unfit for the purpose. Keep the cuttings shaded, and sprinkle frequently, but the soil of the cutting pans only moderately moist. Beds to be planted to stand over winter should now be deeply dug and manured, which will tend to reduce wireworm, as they will be turned up in the process and be destroyed. After the beds are made ready, set traps for vermin, and persevere to get the ground clean, as the losses in winter often arise through the eating away of the roots by marauders.

Roses may be multiplied by putting short cuttings, selected from the shoots of this season, in a bed of sandy soil, in a frame, keeping them shaded and sprinkled. Nine-tenths will root with ordinary care, and ninety-nine hundredths where the cultivator is quite *au fait* at propagating. Budding on brier and manetti stocks may be carried on. It is a good time to buy in new roses, and plant them, as they will be well established before winter, if taken care of, as to shading and watering, for three weeks after planting.

GREENHOUSE AND CONSERVATORY.

Greenhouse plants, especially hard-wooded kinds, will be benefited by a few weeks' exposure in the open air, to ripen their seasonal growth, and give them a stocky habit. This will afford opportunity for a general cleaning and painting of sashes, stages, walls, &c., and to clear out vermin from odd corners and old woodwork. Houses containing all ordinary kinds of stock to have air day and night; but most soft-wooded plants in flower will enjoy to be shut up for an hour after watering, and then to have a little air again.

Standard geraniums are often grown for decoration, and they are valuable both because of their beauty and their uncommon appearance. But, as to the sorts, there need be no restriction; select according to your own taste and judgment, bearing in mind that you will not only produce standards, but the heads of your standards will grow much faster than plants of the same kinds grown in the ordinary way. You want for the purpose a number of straight-stemmed geraniums of any kind; generally inferior kinds are chosen, because they are to be used only for their stems. The best of all for the purpose are seedlings that have grown straight up to a height of one to three feet, as the sacrifice of their heads is a matter of very little consequence. On these stems graft the sorts required in the cleft mode of herbaceous grafting. Cut back the stock to a place where the wood is half ripe; it must be sound and hard, but neither green nor brown. Split the stock down an inch or an inch and a half, and if possible choose a place for the top of the stock where it breaks into two branches. The fork will be just the place for inserting the graft. Cut the graft to a clean wedge, so as to fit in the slit, so that the bark of graft and stock will meet on both sides if possible; if that is not possible, they must meet on one side. Tie up moderately firm with worsted thread, and paint over with grafting mastic or with clay paint. If grafts are put on now, there will be time to get the junction well ripened before winter. The leaves and shoots of the stock must be removed by degrees until the head alone takes off the sap.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

There should now be a general clearance of plots that have borne peas, beans, &c., to burn all the dry haulm and weedy stubble, and fork over and put on manure if necessary; all winter crops will do better in the ground well dug, even if not manured, than with a mere scratching of the surface. Where there is much demand for potting composts, the kitchen garden will supply useful material for the muck-pit, which is a more economical method in the long-run than the burning of rubbish, though the latter is a clean and quick way to get rid of it, and the ashes are useful. Save all the soot that can be obtained to make a puddle for dipping the roots of broccolis, cabbages, &c., when planting out from the seed-bed, and store away at once all pea-sticks worth keeping, to preserve tidiness and prevent waste.

Celery newly planted will require abundance of water. Plant out as fast as possible, if any left in beds or pots. The fly has not seriously damaged the crop this season, and where it has not appeared there is now no further danger, and the late celery is likely to escape altogether.

Sow early York, Battersea, Shilling's queen, and rosewort cabbage, early horn carrot, green curled endive, cabbage and cos lettuce, turnips, and prickly spinach. Make ready the ground for winter spinach, the time for sowing being near at hand.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Nick-Nacks.

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FOOTE AND THE MAYOR.—This humourist, travelling into the West of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare. "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except Mr. Mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except any body whatever," said he. "But you must," bawled the host. "I won't." "You must." At length the strife ended, by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the Mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town, for a great number of years, always to except the Mayor, and, accordingly, fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this sage decision Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing, with great shrewdness, that he thought the landlord was the greatest fool in Christendom, *except—the Mayor.*

THE following rather tough bear story was told by an old settler in Russian River Valley. "You talk about bears! Why, when first I came to Rooshan River bears was plentier than cattle is now, and they was a little bit the smartest bears that I or anybody else ever seed. Why, do you know, there was a neighbour of mine had a fine field of corn, and he also had a fine lot of hogs. In the fall, when the corn began to get ripe, the bears would come into the field and make awful work among the corn; they were jest literly cleanin' it out, and the hogs was a disappearin' too, and the old fellow couldn't find where the bears had killed any of the hogs, and he was clean beat out. At last, when all of his hogs and a good deal of his corn had disappeared, he thought it was about time to investigate. So he started out. After hunting around for some time he found a trail leading off from the corn field in the direction of a patch of timber about three miles away. He followed the trail, and when he got to the timber he discovered his hogs nicely inclosed in a pen [corral], *and the bears was a-packin' the corn out there, and feedin' it to the hogs, fattenin' them for their own eatin' for their winter meat!*"

THE Rev. James Gallaher, who preceded the Rev. William H. Milburn as chaplain of the House of Representatives, commenced his ministry in Tennessee. He was one of the editors of the old *Calvinistic Magazine*, and a strong champion of the Presbyterian faith, a man full of humour, with great tact in avoiding controversy when wisdom so directed. In one of his horseback rounds a good Arminian family entertained him very kindly, and as he he was mounting his horse to leave, his host said to him, "Now, Mr. Gallaher, tell me what you honestly think about falling from grace." "I suppose you want to know my real candid opinion?" said the minister. "Yes, that is what I am after." "Well, then," continued Mr. Gallaher, "I will tell you in a few words—I'd hate mightily to try it."

AN early allusion to the the use of brandy in England occurs in the following small tract, published in the latter half of the seventeenth century: "God's sword drawn forth against drunkards and swearers, blasphemers of God's holy name, whore-mongers, sabbath-breakers, and other lewd livers of all sorts. In forty-three terrible examples of God's immediate judgments upon several drunkards, &c. By J. Stenock, B.D. Printed for Joshua Conyers at the Black Raven in Duck-lane, 1677." The passage in which the writer laments the inordinate use of brandy is as follows: "How many have destroyed themselves with immoderate drinking of *brandy, a drink which hath been lately introduced into England*, and as much destructive to men's bodies as any liquor that hath been used for these many years. In the immoderate use of it how many strong men have been slain by it! Every year scores, I could instance in many, they may be so well known; I shall here forbear mentioning of them, but look upon this by way of caution."

WE (*Harper's Monthly*) think it is safe to say that the country may be regarded as sound on the cremation question. The subject agitated the nation through and through, but it has finally simmered down, aad equanimity with her pleasing smile now beams upon us. A few traces of the upheaval remain scattered here and there, in the form of editorials and poetry, destined to speedy cremation unless embalmed. We have therefore deemed it expedient to clutch from oblivion the following rhythmic gems, which show how easy we were becoming habituated to the notion of burning:

On Tuesday morning Silas Green,
  Aged forty-seven, died.
Male friends, please call to-morrow noon
  And see the torch applied.

We lit the poor fellow at dead of night,
  The carcass continually turning,
In order that each side might get its share
  Of this new patent process of burning.

No pelting rain-storm came wetting the pile
  Of fagots to which we had bound him,
Nor Babcock Extinguisher deadened the glare
  That formed such a halo around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But merely remarked, "*Don't* he sizzle! he'll be
  But a handful of ashes to-morrow."

Widow Spivens has just passed away from our
    midst,
  And her last words—so touching—were these:
"Just whirl me aloft in a turpentine cloud:
  No mud-hole for me, if you please!"

THE familiarity of the frontiers-man with scenes of shootings and executions by Lynch-law, and his coolness in the average Western affray, are proverbial. The last instance that has come to knowledge in which enterprise and self-possession were admirably mingled occurred at the recent execution of a criminal in Washington Territory. Just as he was about to be swung off, and after he had remarked to the sheriff that he had nothing further to say, a real-estate agent, whose office was in his hat, forced himself to the front and up the steps of the scaffold, and jointly addressing the criminal and the sheriff, said, "*If the gentleman who occupies the platform* will kindly yield for a *few minutes*, I would like to make a few remarks upon the cheap homestead lots at Dobson's Hole I am now offering for sale." The polite request was assented to, and after a brief summary of the advantages presented by that locality the sheriff resumed his duties, pulled the cap over the "gentleman's" countenance, and permitted him to drop."

AN EPIDEMIC OF GOUT.—Mr. J. L. Toole, in speaking at the banquet in his honour at Willis's Rooms, said: "It has been my happy lot to be singularly blessed with the best of health, through which inestimable blessing, during a period of twenty years, I have been enabled to fulfil every performance for which I have been announced, and for which I am truly grateful. On one occasion I was nearly not doing so from a sudden attack of gout, and I sent word to the theatre I was placed *hors de combat*, which had the effect of first bringing the stage manager to my house, who hobbled into the room, saying, "Toole, you must come to the theatre." He had the gout. While I was debating how it was possible for me to go through the performance, the manager arrived, and he hobbled into my room, saying I must come down to the theatre at all hazards. He had the gout, and persuaded me it was better for us all to 'gout' (go out) together, which we did. I performed that evening, and was highly complimented on the thoughtful, cautious manner in which I ascended the steps of Uncle Dick's cart."

AN ANECDOTE HAPPILY APPLIED.—Mr. Robert Lowe, in the late debate on Home Rule in the House of Commons, said he hoped Irish gentlemen would believe him when he said, as he did most sincerely, that he could not countenance a course by which, if it were acceded to, they would, he most honestly and seriously believed, be led into a position which they must lament. But was there no other way? Yes; England and Scotland might choose to have their separate Parliaments. ("Hear, hear," from Mr. Butt.) The hon. and learned gentleman cheered that, but it put him in mind of what once happened to Sheridan, who was going home one night, when he saw a man lying dead drunk, and, looking at him, said, I am unfortunately unable to pick you out of the gutter, but I can lie down beside you. The aptness of this anecdote, of course, raised great laughter.

THACKERAY was pestered on one occasion, while in America, by a young gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, as to what was thought of this person and that person in England. "Mr. Thackeray," he asked, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," was the reply. Another man of letters was mentioned, and it transpired that he was addicted to beer drinking. "Yes," said Thackeray, "take him for half and half he was a man." His connection with *Fraser's Magazine* was the subject of conversation, and the right of an editor to change the "copy" of his contributors was discussed. Thackeray maintained that no such right existed, except as regarded errors of grammar, and declared that the only person who could make alterations for the better was the author himself; as a rule, editorial changes were blunders. "I told an editor so once and he did not like it. 'I have no objection to your putting your hoofs on my paragraphs,' I remarked, 'but I decidedly object to your sticking your ears through them.'" "He never forgave you, of course." "I never thought to ask." Thackeray and Jerrold used to sit near each other at the *Punch* dinners, and Jerrold was inclined to wrangle, if everything was not to his liking; but Thackeray would keep the peace. "There's no use in our quarrelling," he said, "for we must meet again next week."

A PROPER SPIRIT.—A Chicago clergyman tells the following story: "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the close of the ceremony and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty face and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied, 'I think he is the one to be congratulated.'"—*American Paper.*

THE

Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

(Continued from Page 5.)

fully. "Very much obliged to you all the same."

At the mention of his name Reginald rose unsteadily.

He passed his hand over his forehead in a piteous and dazed fashion, as though he had not yet recovered from the awful shock.

"What shall we do with Mr. Philip, sir?" asked the butler in a low tone. "Will you have him taken to the hall?"

"No, no," he answered in wild afright. "She must not see him—it would kill her."

He strode to the side of the dead man, and peered down upon the blood-stained face.

"My poor Phil," he moaned, kneeling down and taking one of the drooping hands; "oh, heaven! to see you thus, and our last words—our very latest speech all bitterness. If we had but parted friends—if only one kind look remained to me."

He took up the burden of this lament again and again, to the horror and distress to those around.

He seemed to have lost all reasoning power—his brain appeared to have given way under the calamity.

And all this time the fatal marks were staring the observers in the face.

Blotches of red stained and discoloured his clothing—his hands looked as though they had been imbued in blood.

How long he would have knelt thus, and wandered in his speech—what would have been the result of his eagerly-listened to soliloquy—the lookers-on never knew, for, as though by magic, voices again were heard, lights flashed from every window in the Grange—the building was illuminated, bright moonlight though it was.

The worthy old keeper touched him gently.

"Mr. Reginald," he said, "get you back to the Grange, or Miss Mina will be here. This is no sight for the likes of her. Take my advice, sir; pray do, and get home again; we will see to poor Mr. Philip. Think of Miss Mina, sir; think of her," concluded the keeper, pathetically.

Reginald sprang up at the word.

"Aye," he echoed breathlessly, "think of her. Yes, yes; she must not come here. I will go now at once; and you, Dancer, will see to Philip," he muttered drearily, "as if he will ever want again."

He gave a last look at the still form, and hastened away, followed by the servants at a respectful distance, leaving the keeper, Mr. Rolla, and the butler alone with the body of the murdered man.

"Mr. Rolla," asked Dancer, "would you mind lending us a hand? or, better still, run up to Wilkins and bring him to us?"

"I'd rather not," returned Mr. Rolla sullenly; "my nerves are upset. I don't like the solitude of these woods after this."

The keeper scratched his head in a troubled fashion, and for a few moments there was silence.

Then from afar off, through the leafy avenues, came a long-continued cheerful whistle, and in response to a faint shout from Danvers, Mr. Wilkins himself appeared upon the scene.

The keeper stepped out a few paces to meet him, Mr. Rolla following mechanically.

"Hilloa, it's you; is it, Dancer?" he commenced jovially; "why, you almost scared me, mate, with that husky sort of cry o' yourn."

"Hush," returned the other, taking him by the button and speaking mysteriously. "We were just wishing for you, Wilkins—was going to send for you, in fact——"

"Well, talk of——"

Dancer placed his broad hand over the innkeeper's mouth to his great astonishment.

"Why, what's the matter, Dancer?" he queried; "anything wrong?"

"Everything's wrong," responded the other in a rapid semitone. "Murder's the matter, Mr. Philip——"

"What of him?" interrupted Wilkins, almost savagely. "He ain't done any harm, I know, poor fellow; he wouldn't hurt a worm. In fact, I've come out in search of him, for my mind was uneasy like."

"Then come and see for yourself, and be brave, Wilkins; we want help to get him away afore Miss Mina may happen to come along this way; for all the Grange is out after him."

Rapidly (still with Mr. Rolla hanging round them) the sturdy landlord of the Ashleigh Arms cleared the ground in advance of the keeper, and presently he was kneeling beside the prostrate form.

There was no grief in his voice—no moisture in his eye; but a deep and fearful wrath that shook his strong frame, like a reed in the wind, showed in his every word and action.

"Come, mates," he jerked out at last; "bear a hand, and get the poor boy up to my home. He said he mightn't want the cursed money long," he continued. "He was right arter all. Poor Mr. Philip," he concluded with stern tenderness as he took his hand. "Man and boy I have known ye all your life, and it shall go hard with me if I don't see the man swing for it who have done this deed to night."

Mr. Rolla started visibly, and a shudder appeared to thrill through his whole frame.

"Gently it is, Wilkins," interposed the keeper, as he laid his velveteen coat on the grass; "just a litle more over. Say when."

"Now," promptly returned the man addressed, and as he spoke they raised the inanimate form and carried it, with soft and regular tread, to the house Philip Ashleigh had quitted with such painful feeling in his heart but a few short hours ago.

A whisper was passed to the servitor of Ashleigh Grange, who in turn communicated it to Mr. Rolla.

The two hurried on; and when Philip Ashleigh was carried into the kindly innkeeper's house womanly hands had been busy in preparing a death chamber for their young master, who was so soon to be borne to the grave just closed over the old squire, his father.

An hour passed away. The dawn broke beautifully over the land. Bird's sang, and flowers bloomed; and Netty Ashleigh was a widow, though she knew it not.

Mr. Rolla stood in the front garden as Mr. Wilkins and Dancer were about to pass.

The two rough, strong men clasped brawny hands, and glared towards the Grange significantly.

In the distance could be seen the butler, who was hurrying homeward now that daylight showed him the path without fear, and he could avoid that fatal pond and hollybush walk.

It was like the scene in a domestic drama. Mr. Nat Rolla had played the villain scores of times in a transpontine theatre; but it never was so real as this.

In all his simulated passions he never shuddered so long and terribly as he did when he overheard the last words of Wilkins and the keeper

"At all costs—at all risks, Dancer, we'll hunt the murderer down."

For one moment Dancer did not reply. The great drops rolled from under his wideawake hat, and he shook his head very sorrowfully.

Then he spoke solemnly.

"'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' So let it be, Wilkins, a covenant 'twixt you and me."

The men unclasped hands, and Dancer laid his on Mr. Rolla's shoulder.

"Come home, sir," he said, considerately; "you must need rest. I'll make a bit of breakfast for you, sir; for my missus must stay here;" and he indicated the inn as he spoke.

Mr. Rolla started, and his set features twitched a little; but with a long-drawn sigh, he nodded gravely, the two passed on their way, and presently he reached the keeper's cottage. Half an hour later and the actor lay, with wide open eyes, staring at the curtained window.

Sleep fled his presence. The dead man haunted him, though he had been careful not to look at the features more than once.

"My nerves are unstrung," he muttered to himself with a ghastly smile. "I must get back to London and forget it all. London, aye London; the theatre, the new piece, and above all" (and at this his eyes gleamed brightly) "news of Netty—news of Netty."

Meanwhile Reginald had reached Ashleigh Grange.

As he had entered it, so he now sat hours often in the library in the same position he had fallen as he stumbled into the arm chair erst occupied by his brother during the reading of that accursed document—the last will and testament of Philip Ashleigh, of Ashleigh Grange.

Deep and stupifying as was the result of the burden laid upon this most unhappy man—hard as was the task he had set himself to perform—he had but faintly guessed the trial time that was yet to come upon him, and through which he must "live and move and have his being," as though sin had never entered the beautiful world.

Just now he was under the influence of a nightmare, superinduced by a feast of horrors.

If he could only wake from this frightful dream, this was all his thought.

He checked off the points on his fingers, looking at them meanwhile loathingly.

First his quarrel with poor Phil. Yes, that was distinct enough. Then the blow—he could feel that in fancy, by the touch of his hand, he could trace the livid spot on his cheek. The return, too, for his hat and stick.

Heavens! how well he remembered that!

And that scene in the pond—the splash of the body—the gurgling sound as Dancer carried Philip to the shore—those awful hands so white, so limp, hanging over his broad shoulders in mute reproach. The incident around him as he lay on the grass, with face of death upturned to the cruel moonlight.

Thus the panorama moved on till the last great picture.

One mighty effort, and the mind grasps it. He has reached the end, and what a finale to this night of nights.

A young girl meeting him in a white dressing-gown hurriedly thrust on, her long golden hair floating over her shoulders.

Mina, his betrothed, for whom he would give his heart's blood. What was that word—blood?

Aye, how she shuddered and turned from him. Could he ever forget that?

What did she say? How came it that she was not by his side? Let him think again.

Ah, yes: he remembered now.

She rushed to him with a prayer of thanksgiving on her lips—her heart beating madly with joy to see him safe and sound—home again unhurt—still alive and well—ready to whisper those love idylls once more to her.

And then—then a soft hand clasping his—a dear voice asking what was amiss? Why he was bareheaded, and what those stains meant? Was he hurt—her dear one, her own Reginald?

Then he heard, as in a far-off echo, his own answer—spoken in agonising voice.

"Philip! Philip! Philip!"

"You have not quarrelled?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Mina, and he struck me—said cruel words of you—and he is dead, lying by the pond under the moonlight, dead—he, my brother, my only brother!"

What next, and next?

The hand she held thrown from her with a cry of horror, that seemed to burst her heart at the sound. An awful look of shrinking dread, as she moved away, that he might not touch her—a glance at the blood-stained sleeve—a hoarse sobbing, as she flew up the broad stairs, and fell senseless into Mrs. Lachbury's arms.

Was this the end, or was it fancy? the peering in of the servants now and again, as though he were a prisoner.

Why did the daylight come and the thrush whistle; and what was that galloping to and fro?

Why was the doctor here? For Mina, who was shrieking and raving and startling the stillness of the house?

Who said she was mad with brain fever?

Psha! it was all a dream! He had been conjuring up phantoms the live-long night.

And so in the sunlight he essayed to rise—to hum a tune—to walk to the window as was his wont. He would gather a bouquet for Mina. It would please her when she came down to breakfast and saw it lying by her plate. She would thank him with one of those eloquent looks—those sweet angelic smiles.

Yes, yes. He would work for such a reward as this: he would gather a nosegay for her.

Why, what was this? The stains real? His brother dead? The medical man before him a reality?

What was he saying?

"Sad, very sad, Mr. Reginald. Not all the skill in the world could help Mr. Philip. He had seen him—he was gone—had been taken from the trouble to come—perhaps," said the doctor (who knew how the will had been left), "perhaps it was all for the best; though it was a cowardly and brutal deed, the killing of a poor fellow thus, without one moment for preparation. But for Miss Mina, ah! he had great hopes: she was young and strong, full of vitality; they would save her, please heaven."

After this Reginald knew his dream was but a reproduction of the events of the night, and for the first time great tears came to his relief.

It did him good to weep, and yet he sorrowed as those without hope, and would not be comforted.

The butler had whispered a few words to the old family medico, and he had looked back again at the old retainer with wide open eyes.

"I can't believe it," he said; "so good, noble, generous. It can't be true."

And yet the fatal evidence was before him; and as he drove away, this good-hearted country practitioner, his glance wandered to the church wherein lay all that was mortal of Squire Ashleigh.

"My friend," he muttered, just over his breath, "your money has brought no luck with it, after all. If I had a dozen children—good, bad, and indifferent—they should share alike after I was dead and gone. I would leave no premium to be won on fratricide—no modern Cain and Abel story to make notorious our pretty little innocent village."

He was wrapped in thought, and allowed Peggy, his mare, to take her own pace.

He had nearly reached Ashleigh, when he was stopped and his hand shaken by a gentleman on horseback.

A grim and quiet-looking man, with grey whiskers and very white teeth, and by his side rode another—a keen little personage, restless as a ferret, with a curiously heavy individual by his side, who seemed half asleep.

"From the Grange?" inquired the first comer quietly, as though to waste words was a sin.

"Aye—a sad affair," returned the Doctor. "I suppose you are proceeding thither to try and catch the murderer?"

"Yes," responded the first speaker briefly. "Go on," said the gentleman to his companions. "I'll follow presently. Now, Doctor," he remarked, earnestly, "what is the actual state of affairs?"

"I can tell you nothing, Captain Podmore," returned the Doctor, "You are the head of the country constabulary, and must find your game for yourself. I am not a thief catcher—would sooner cure one than catch one," continued the Doctor, very gruffly.

The other laughed.

"Hum," he said, "you know something more than you care to reveal; but never mind, we shall flash to quarry, you mark my words. By the way, Doctor," he continued, "we have had a stroke of luck already."

"Indeed," returned the medical man, inquiringly.

"Yes; perhaps you may have noticed that rather stout man, riding by the side of Hodson?"

The Doctor nodded.

"Well, that is the great Sergeant Gill, the best detective in Scotland-yard," triumphantly resumed Captain Podmore, "and if there is one clue above ground, no matter how faint, Gill will follow it like a hound till he has run the criminal down."

The Doctor turned rather pale.

"Bless my heart!" he ejaculated, "is that the celebrated police-officer? Why he looked more like a farmer than anything else, and a very stupid one, too."

The other laughed knowingly.

"You'll see," he called back, for he had moved on at the last word: "You remember my prophecy, Doctor. Gill will find out Mr. Philip's murderer."

The kindly Doctor was lost in reveries, as his mare trotted on.

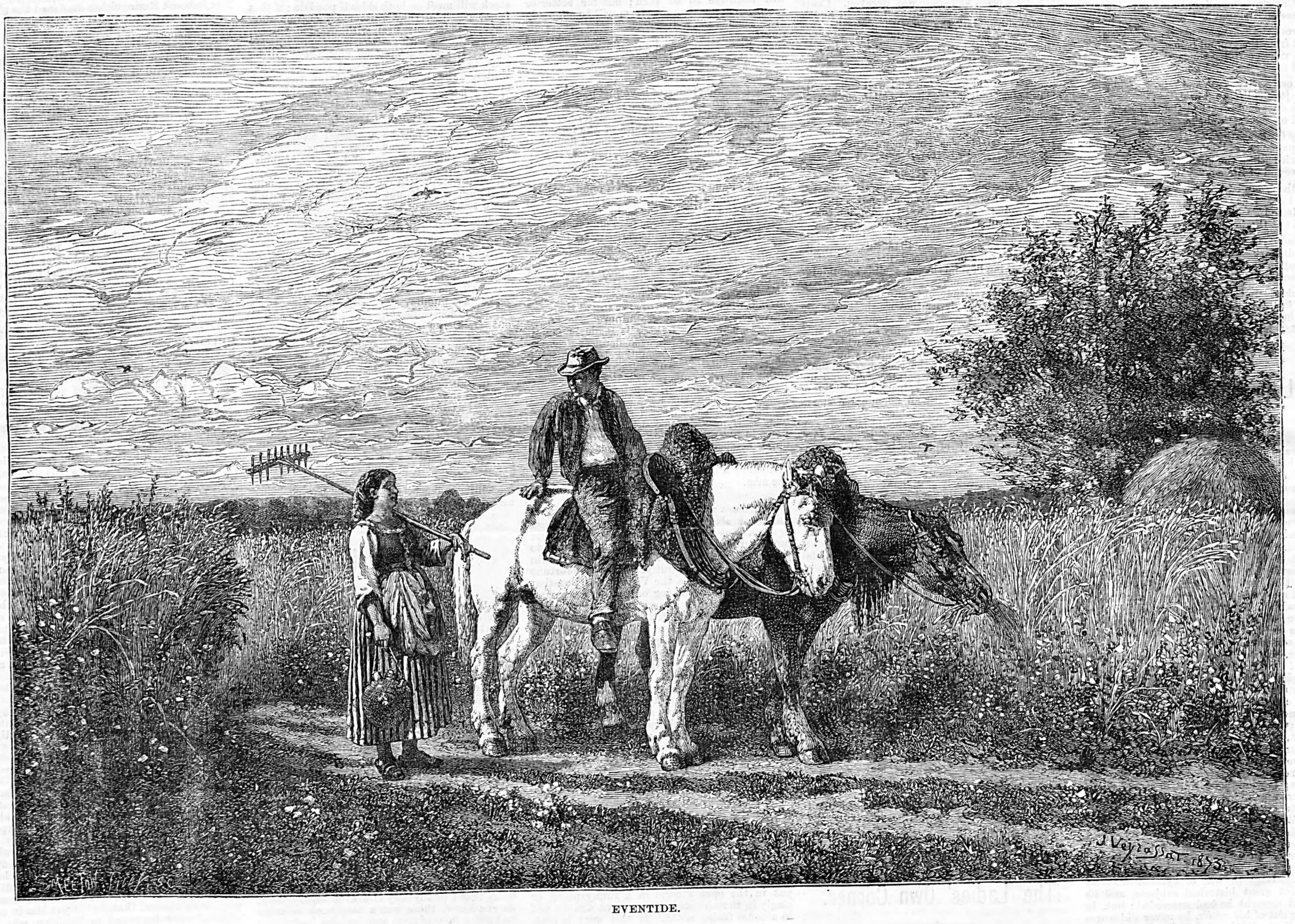
"Find the murderer," he muttered at last: "Aye, there will be little enough trouble for them, if what they say be true." He entered his neat house, and proceeding to the surgery sat down with his head on his hand to think it all over once again.

Meantime the party, led by Captain Podmore, arrived at the Grange.

"Mr. Reginald was not to be seen. He was in his dressing-room, and could not be disturbed," so said the butler decidedly. "Miss Mina was very ill, the house was all sixes and sevens," finally "the body was at the Ashleigh Arms, and the keeper, the chief witness, was probably there too."

Thither, on a whispered hint from Sergeant Gill, the horsemen took their way.

(To be continued.)



EVENTIDE.

Electrical Shocks as Punishment.—Mr. Bain is in favour of substituting electrical shocks in place of the common punishments employed in prison discipline. By such shocks and currents, says he, any amount of torture might be inflicted; and the gradation might be made with scientific precision. The punishment would be less revolting to the spectator and the general public than floggings, while it would not be less awful to the criminal himself; the mystery of it would haunt the imagination, and there would be no conceivable attitude of alleviating endurance. The terrific power exercised by an operator, through the slightest finger touch, would make more deeply felt the humiliating prostration of the victim. If capital punishments are to be permanently maintained, much could be said for discarding strangulation and substituting electric shock.